"IT HAPPENED TO ME"

I served on a murder jury

COVER BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

A revolutionary diet: Eat fat and grow slim

BEST ADVICE ON HOW TO GET YOUR BOSS'S JOB

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 14 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

MEDICINE IN ANCIENT EGYPT—*reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings, "A History of Medicine in Pictures," commissioned by Parke-Davis*

Great
Moments
in
Medicine

Clothed in spotless linens and wearing a wig, as became the dignity of his status, an Egyptian physician of 1500 B.C. administers to a patient with symptoms of lockjaw. Though Egyptian doctors dominated medicine in the ancient world for thousands of years, this highly respected practitioner could rely only on personal skill, judgment and experience to combat such dreaded killers as tetanus.

Today, 3500 years later, due to advances in pharmaceutical research, tetanus is no longer a source of fear. The modern physician employs safe, effective immunizing agents to protect you and your family from tetanus, polio and many other infections that were killers of defenseless persons in former times.

Parke-Davis scientists are proud of their place in the living history of modern medicine, helping to provide the people of the world with the better health and longer life that come with better medicines.

COPYRIGHT 1959—PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY, LTD., MONTREAL 9, QUE.

PARKE-DAVIS ... *Pioneers in better medicines*

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

✓ Why E. P. Taylor's racehorses can run faster

✓ Will Yoga sooth the harried businessman?

IF YOU'RE ONE OF THE RESTAURANT EATERS who hate having rock 'n' roll blasted into your dinner plate, better buy some ear plugs. Canadian jukebox operators plan to install 1,500 new machines this year with three-dimensional stereophonic volume. Speakers will be mounted in the ceilings. The gimmick is expected to double the take of the units, which now swallow an average of $22 a week.

WHY DO E. P. TAYLOR'S HORSES RUN FASTER? During the 1959 racing season two-year-olds from Canada's most successful stable will almost certainly win more than their share of races because they'll be older and therefore stronger than their rivals. The secret: their dams have been fed on Vitamin E, the controversial heart treatment developed by Dr. Evan Shute, of London, Ont. The supplement produces foals an average three weeks earlier. By racing rules a horse becomes one year old on the January 1 following birth. Most mares in Canada don't conceive early enough to give birth until next April. Taylor's mares produce in late February or early March. Another Vitamin E bonus claimed by Gil Darlington, stud manager, is that 73% of mated mares produce foals, compared with the U. S. average of 57%.

WILL YOGA EXERCISES LIKE STANDING ON your head for 30 minutes or "lying motionless with the mind centred at the heart" take the place of tranquilizers in soothing tension-torn Canadian executives? South African artist Henry Godfrey thinks so and has founded a Yoga academy in Toronto to spread the ancient cult practiced mainly in India. Classes also pull in business girls intent on having better figures. Godfrey ignores the spiritual implications of Yoga but insists: "After physical comes mental rejuvenation."

UPSIDE DOWN CURE-ALL

TO HELP ENLIVEN THE ROYAL POMP and offset stuffy speeches at next summer's Seaway opening, Hamilton-born showman Bill Solly is planning a big, brassy and shamelessly timely musical comedy titled Strawberry (named for a mythical Seaway town). Still seeking financial backers for an eastern Canadian tour, 27-year-old Solly describes his show as "no spoof, very patriotic." Solly wrote the Montreal Repertory Theatre's successful musical I Love Electra; coast-to-coast audiences remember him for the half-dozen songs he belted out in My Fair Lady. Solly's own estimate of his stage talent: "I sing very loud."

FALCON'S VICTIM

THE MEDIEVAL SPORT OF FALCONRY is gaining Canadian converts so fast that Ottawa is contemplating changes in the Migratory Bird Act that would unleash the powerful birds of prey for hunting ducks and other fowl. Several falconry clubs have already been formed in western Canada, and Saskatchewan farmers are using the birds to kill crows and other crop-eating birds. The falcon can reach 100 mph in a dive and, according to Richard Fyfe of the Saskatchewan Museum of Natural History, his vision is so good that if humans were so sighted they could read this page from a quarter mile away.

PARENTS WHO TAKE PRIDE in such statistics as "Canadian children are three inches taller at age eleven than they were fifty years ago" and "every decade North American girls mature five months earlier" will be shocked by some new medical opinion. Dr. A. L. Chute, head of pediatrics at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, warns: "Contrary to the myth, bigger doesn't necessarily mean better."

THE TURRETS AND ORANGE ROOFS of Howard Johnson eateries, familiar to most Canadians touring in the U. S., may become landmarks along the new trans-Canada highway. The Johnson organization, which serves 300 million customers a year, has special designs for its Canadian eateries on the drafting boards, plans to begin with half a dozen outlets in southern Ontario next year. The swank restaurants will feature 28 flavors of ice cream; at least one will have an adjacent motel.

INCOME TAX NEWS Beware of jealous informers

AS SIX MILLION Canadians began fretting about their April 30 income-tax deadline, Ottawa's tax collectors are polishing up the tricks in their machinery designed to ferret out the cheaters. "Canadians are very good taxpayers," Revenue Minister George Nowlan told Maclean's. "That's one reason people expect us to deal rigorously with those who cheat." Only 500 Canadians are prosecuted for fraudulent tax declarations in an average year, but the tax collectors spot many more revenue sources "accidentally forgotten."

The 3,750,000 Canadians who'll be eligible for tax refunds will get them earlier this year, because the department has installed new punch-card equipment. Special measures have been taken to speed refunds to Sudbury, where the long strike cut deep into people's savings.

This year's forms will reflect last year's first Conservative budget, which cut the taxing rate from 15% to 13% on the first taxable $1,000 and from 17% to 16% on the second $1,000.

Canada's 6,195 tax collectors claim the most difficult cases to keep track of are the obsessed numerologists who change their names when the stars tell them to. In its hunt for tax defaulters, Ottawa checks the records of interest payments which have to be submitted by all Canadian banks and trust companies.

NOWLAN AND FRIEND

Most common methods of cheating, according to Nowlan, are the falsification of sales records and claims for unincurred expenses. Cheating can be detected years later during succession duty checks, and then the widow has to pay up. An unusual method of catching tax thieves, being added this year: the Department of National Revenue plans to follow up each anonymous letter sent in by informers jealous of a rival's success.—KLAUS NEUMANN

MAN ON ICE? Tests toward human hibernation

WILL AN incurably ill person soon be able to stop living in the present and return to life when medical science has discovered a cure? Will a future dictator be able to "deep freeze" unemployed workers or trained soldiers until a time of prosperity or war?

These fantastic possibilities of human hibernation lie in serious research now being done in Canada and elsewhere. Scientists of the National Research Council and the federal Department of Agriculture in Ottawa point toward this science-fiction future in their down-to-earth work with the freezing of sperm, tissue of prize bulls to run cattle long after the bull is dead, and in research aimed at conditioning men to survive ultra-low temperatures. The Canadians are in touch with Britain's Institute of Medical Research and Yugoslav government laboratories where rats and mice—mammals with organs similar to man's—have been revived after several weeks of suspended life.

When body temperature drops 55 degrees below its normal heat the heart stops beating. Thirteen degrees below that the animal dies. Between those limits it is possible to preserve life even though all body functions apparently cease.

Two major but perhaps not insuperable problems remain: the revived heart sometimes beats with an uncontrollable rhythm, and must be "re-tuned" by massage or electronic stimuli. The best available freezing equipment still permits deterioration of tissue, which is likely to make a human in cold storage "not quite the man he was."—McKENZIE PORTER

NEW TV FARE FOR THE KIDS Tot musicals coming

THE NEARLY three million Canadian youngsters who spend every waking hour (allowed by their parents) glued to the family TV set will later this year become the target of some of CBC's most elaborate program planning since Canadian television started. The objective: to wean them away from shows intended for adults. "Children are overstimulated by adult escape programs and are not entertained at all," charges Dr. Frederick Rainsberry, supervising producer of CBC's children's programs. "They find pleasure most from any experience which satisfies their curiosity about their environment." Future CBC TV plans for children include:

✓ A new and elaborate series of musicals such as The Little Brass Band, The Musicians of Bremen and Bartok's Suite for Children. Music will be specially arranged by Fred Rodgers, Richard Rodgers' brother.

✓ A presentation of Mr. Peaceable Paints, the well-known juvenile book illustrated by U. S. artist Leonard Weisgard, to be produced by Junior Magazines' Bruce Attridge.

✓ A new series illustrating heroic deeds in sports, science and Canadian history.

✓ A number of non-competitive amateur talent shows for youngsters in every region.—CAROL CHAPMAN

MR. PEACEABLE PAINTS

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA
WITH BLAIR FRASER

THRONE SPEECH PROMISES:
Where's all the extra money coming from?

IT BEGINS TO LOOK as if "hidden reports" in one form or another are a chronic occupational hazard of big government no matter what party is in office.

When Prime Minister Diefenbaker made the phrase famous in the election campaign it wasn't quite clear what he meant by the word hidden. Some people thought he was rebuking the Liberals for failure to publish the 1957 edition of an annual confidential forecast prepared by government economists. In June and again in August that misapprehension was cleared up.

Challenged in the House of Commons the prime minister refused to publish the entire economic forecast for 1958 on the ground that it is a confidential document. When the Toronto Star later published what it said were excerpts from the 1958 report no cabinet minister could be induced to say whether or not the quotations were genuine, though when the document was finally tabled on January 16 it showed that the Star report was quite correct.

Evidently the Liberals' sin was not that they failed to publish the 1957 forecast but that they seemed to ignore it—even made statements and appraisals that contradicted it. If it were so it was a grievous fault and grievously the Liberals answered it. (When the speech from the throne mentioned legislation for housing, [illegible] opposition leader L. B. Pearson quipped "I hope they'll make it retroactive to March 31.")

But the present session of parliament was less than an hour old when the Conservatives demonstrated how easily this sort of thing can happen, how readily a hydra-headed government can speak with more than one voice.

Said the governor-general, reading the speech from the throne: "My government welcomes the evidence of recovery from the recession and will continue to foster and assist the improvement."

Said an official economic forecast published on the same day by the agriculture department: "In Canada the decline in business investment and the offsetting increase in government spending are likely to continue in 1959."

Obviously this report, a public document, was not hidden in the sense of being deliberately concealed. Just as obviously it might as well have been. It hadn't caught the attention of whoever wrote that section of the speech from the throne. Still unanswered at this early stage in the session: Which of these two voices does the government really believe?

Of about thirty pieces of legislation that have been mentioned so far, less than a dozen involve much spending of money and only two or three call for unknown amounts. However, they will add up to a considerable sum.

Possibly the biggest item among the legislation actually forecast is the action to alleviate discriminatory effects of the recent horizontal increase in freight rates. Put briefly, this means a subsidy to pay them for reducing the freight rates they would otherwise impose on the Maritimes and the west.

In central Canada road and water competition keeps railway freight charges down below the maximum authorized by the Board of Transport Commissioners. It's most unlikely that the railways will be able, without losing more business than they can afford, to add to their central rates the full seventeen percent boost that they recently won. Eight percent would be a likelier rise, which the trucking companies will probably follow.

East and west have no such protection—the railways have a monopoly of the long haul and can charge whatever the transport board permits them. To prevent them from doing this and to keep freight rate increases equal in all parts of Canada the government will have to pay the difference. It is not yet known just how the subsidy will be paid or how much it will be, but a popular guess is thirty million dollars.

A somewhat related topic is the federal-provincial tax-sharing deal. Ottawa has committed itself to nothing but a renewal of the increase made last year in the provincial share of income tax and (to quote Charles Lynch of Southam Newspapers) a promise "that the federal-provincial continuing committee will indeed continue to continue."

But the Conservative government of Ontario may be having an election in 1959 and must have one in 1960. Premier Leslie Frost turned against the Liberals in 1957 after years of benevolent neutrality mainly because they refused him the nine hundred million dollars of tax money that he thought Ontario's due. How long the Diefenbaker government can put off the overdue federal-provincial conference and the promised new deal for the provinces, without rousing the ire of the formidable Premier Frost, is an interesting question. How much a new deal would cost the Ottawa treasury (or the provinces) is equally interesting and equally a matter of speculation.

Meanwhile the government has taken to continue the various development projects already in hand and to initiate others. Alvin Hamilton's department of northern affairs will spend twenty-four million more this current fiscal year than in the last and will need quite a few more millions to carry out its projects in the Arctic. How much more money will go out for crop insurance, housing loans, export-credit insurance and the like is not yet clear.

If unemployment were the one problem in sight, or if for the whole of 1959 it were the principal and overriding problem, these new expenditures wouldn't attract much comment. But as the speech from the throne implied, the recession is over. If Finance Minister Donald Fleming is as worried about inflation as some of his speeches indicate, then his worries are unlikely to have shrunk much. Another massive deficit is obviously in prospect, but the only reference to inflation in the government's official program has been one calm sentence:

"As recovery proceeds there will be increasing need for care to preserve stability and purchasing power of our currency."

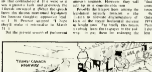
This would be difficult enough if the government's outlays were related only to economic considerations alone. Unhappily they are nothing of the kind. The biggest expenses of all don't depend on economic factors but on military.

Not much has yet been said about defense costs beyond a mention of talks with Washington on production sharing for joint defense. But the concentration of attention on defense of North America has tended to obscure another urgent problem elsewhere.

"They'll have to do something soon about re-equipping the RCAF air division in Europe," said a man who knows the defense-production picture. "There is almost a Hong Kong situation developing overseas."

What he meant was plain enough. Canadians in Hong Kong in 1941 were caught without enough weapons or mechanical transport because Ottawa didn't manage to send these things in time. Canadians in Europe in 1959 are equipped with Sabres and CF-100s, both subsonic fighters and both obsolete. The Russians are equipped with supersonic fighters and perhaps by now with supersonic bombers, not to mention intermediate-range missiles. If the Canadians had to take their outdated machines into battle they would be sitting ducks. They need new aircraft far sooner than the Canadian aircraft industry can tool up to produce any.

These are some of the difficulties that will emerge as the session proceeds. They are also some of the reasons why the budget is awaited with such interest and why the rest of the legislation — brought in before the budget — seems a bit of a bore. ★



There's nothing in the Ottawa government's 1959 program that [illegible] for

BACKSTAGE with teen-age gangs

New survey probes night-time antics of drug store hoboes

THE MOST difficult age for Canadian youngsters is 17. Boys get into trouble about ten times as often as girls, but they behave much better when girls aren't around to egg them on. Those who break laws usually don't go to school, don't have a steady job and don't belong to organized youth groups.

These are a few of the more arresting conclusions suggested by a survey in a crowded urban area—the Riverdale district of Toronto—after a group of adults decided many of the youngsters were turning out badly and began to burrow to the roots of the causes. The Riverdale District Association set up a Youth Service Committee to do a year-long study of fifteen favorite teen-age hangouts, thereby stealing a march on the Ontario government, which has ordered a province-wide survey of teen gangs and their habits. Here's more detail on what Riverdale discovered about its teen-agers:

✓ Delinquency actually hasn't increased in the past three years, but it's still prevalent. Most common breeding ground: the gang hangout, usually a restaurant or drug store. Most frequent participants: "Groups of toughs usually unemployed. They have no desire for a career. Their only interest is to have a good time."

✓ Youngsters hanging around these trouble spots range from 12 to 22; most are boys. Disturbances are most likely to occur when sexes are mixed. Girls left to themselves are usually just noisy. There is a great deal of interest in the opposite sex. A fair amount of sex activity has begun quite early."

✓ Many youngsters who get into trouble seem to come from crowded homes. "They go to the gang meeting places simply for somewhere to go." To [illegible] after school and after 9 p.m. are the most popular meeting times. Many girls hanging around these places are in their early teens. In one case a restaurant owner was discovered selling drugs to teen-agers almost over the counter.

The study analyzed teen-age attitudes and aspirations: "They (youngsters who fell within the survey) are concerned with their own personal economic and social security for the present. Their attitude toward law is invariably irresponsible and disrespectful."

Backstage with our changing tastes / European foods gain converts

UNTIL RECENTLY you could differentiate between new and old Canadians by the odors from their dinner tables. Now there is mounting evidence that many Canadians raised on the flapjack-and-maple-syrup tradition are switching to more pungent European foods introduced by our nearly two million immigrants since 1945. Take these signs of a continental turn in our national palate:

✓ Three-quarters of Canadian supermarkets now have specialty shelves or foreign food sections.

✓ Stores which ten years ago sold only one type of noodle now stock at least ten shapes of macaroni; one Toronto chain — Power — stocks twenty-five shapes.

✓ Sale of black olives, hitherto an eastern European taste, has increased 300% since 1956.

✓ 90% of Canadian supermarkets now sell commercial sour cream, almost unknown ten years ago.

✓ All Canadian supermarkets now stock specialty cheeses like Gouda and Edam from the Netherlands, provolone from Italy. Ian Overweel, who came to Toronto from Holland a decade ago, imported 1,000 lbs of Dutch cheese in 1947; last year he sold 725,000 lbs. "The taste of Canadians," he says, "is becoming amazingly European."

✓ Imports of exotic spices like oregano, basil, chervil, fennel, rosemary and tarragon have multiplied eight-fold in five years.

Most affluent of cuisines to date is the Italian. Influx of nearly 200,000 Italians since 1946 has sent sales of olive oil, tomato paste, peeled tinned tomatoes, anchovies, oregano and garlic powder soaring. One Ontario importer reports sale of tinned mushrooms has leaped from zero to 7,500 cases a year in just eighteen months. New Canadian [illegible] are making milestones here.

Influx of nearly 100,000 Germans and Austrians has introduced Canada to the European style fresh pork pickle. Unknown in Canada a few years ago, the old-world process is pushing out the North American one and already accounts for 30% of the market.

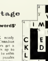
The arrival of 36,000 Hungarians since the 1956 revolution has pushed sales of tinned goulash from zero to 1,000 cases a year, beef borsch from zero to 3,500 cases a year.

Possible potato lesson for 1959: an addition to jazz up and incidentally starch—coffee. Nearly all Dutch immigrants to Canada continue to use a homeland product called Brinsman's Aroma with a potato starch base and a distinctive burnt flavor. Ian Overweel, the Canadian importer, thinks Canadians too can learn to love it; he plans a 1959 campaign to spread it far beyond the Dutch community. —BARBARA [illegible]

IMPORTER OVERWHELMED
Edam instead of flapjacks

Backstage

with 'Cash-word$'



CLUES:

ACROSS
1 Be in debt
3 [illegible]
5 [illegible]
6 [illegible]
9 [illegible]

DOWN
1 A man who is [illegible] by his —— may be indifferent to the [illegible] of others
2 Because he has had this [illegible] village —— commander of [illegible]
4 At [illegible] meetings political candidates are sometimes [illegible] by [illegible] opponents [illegible]
7 When people [illegible]
8 [illegible]

EVERY WEEK nearly two million Canadian newspaper readers get a crack at jackpots up to $7,000 by trying to solve apparently easy puzzles like the one accompanying this report. But few win. Why?

Toronto [illegible] Barry Watson, who handicapped a cross-section of the puzzles for Maclean's, claims your chances of solving our sample puzzle (it's part of a recent Toronto Star 'Cash-word$' teaser) run one in twenty-four. But against correctly completing the entire puzzle they'd be 98,303 to one.

Each puzzle contains from 10 to 16 choices between two—or occasionally three — words, each of which satisfies the clue. You just have to guess. The puzzle setter picks answers arbitrarily, then rationalizes his choice. (In 78 words the Star justified HICKED instead of HECKLED or TACKLED in our sample.)

Called Coinwords, Cash-word$ or Prize Crosswords, the puzzles now appear in about 30 Canadian papers. With a circulation of 15,000 the Calgary Albertan gets 15,000 entries for one weekly puzzle.

Prize money goes up weekly if there's no winner; the Ottawa [illegible] recently ran two years without a payoff. Dominion News Service in Montreal, which sells puzzles to 14 papers, will supply its puzzles to papers whose frustrated readers show signs of tiring of the contest. But, says president David Crandall, "most readers can't even solve them."

Is there any way to beat them? When the Moose Jaw (Sask.) Times-Herald's puzzle reached $4,[illegible] some subscribers found a sure method. They had the answer phoned from Toronto, where it had appeared earlier in the Telegram. Deadlines have since been synchronized. —PETER GZOWSKI

[Answers to our sample puzzle: ACROSS [illegible] DOWN [illegible]]

Background

PEDESTRIANS HOW VALUABLE?

The perpetual downtown battle between the automobile and the pedestrian has in Montreal at least temporarily been won by the rush hour driver. "One impedes the other," says traffic director [illegible], who ordered the abandonment of pedestrian traffic lights along St. Catherine, the main street, because they slowed down traffic to a peak hour average of only 7 mph.

THE BAFFLING BUFFALO

Cattalo—produced by scientists when they mated buffalo and ordinary cattle—have flopped in trials as [illegible] Range Experimental Farm at Manyberries, Alta., have been baffled by the bull's inability to pass on his cold-resistant qualities. What's in store for the 16,000 remaining buffalo? A life of ease as vanishing zoological specimens.

TIPPLERS CHANGE GLASSES

Although Canadians are today drinking only a little more than their grandfathers (1.19 gallons of alcohol per head in 1871, 1.51 gallons now) our drinking habits have changed drastically. A new study by the Alcoholism Research Foundation of Ontario shows that the intake of the 1871 tippler consisted of 15% beer, 4% wine and 81% spirits. His current counterpart is drinking 84½% beer and 30% spirits, while wine has been [illegible] operating [illegible] still have fallen from a high of 1,068 in 1951 to a low of [illegible] in 1955.

LAURELS TO THE LADIES

French Canada's literary world, where man often likes to proclaim himself first, has [illegible] at the moment in literary circles. When poet Anne Hébert recently received the Duvernay prize, top award for French Canadian writers, it was the third straight triumph for women. In 1956 novelist Gabrielle Roy won; in 1957 poet Rina Lasnier picked up the $500.

DOGS IN DECLINE?

The family mutt is having more trouble finding a home. Purebred sales remain steady but according to [illegible] of the Canadian Kennel Club [illegible] making parents hesitate about getting junior a pup. Gardening neighbors have demanded stricter laws against roaming dogs. Budgies [illegible] with a million [illegible] in Canada are ready to fill the gap. Budgies, they claim, can put [illegible] affection [illegible] and they talk.

NEW USE FOR THEATRES

Here's what's happened to the Canadian movie theatres that have been closing at the rate of [illegible] In Winnipeg the [illegible] Lodge theatre is now [illegible] Salvation Army of Canada is spending $200,000 to convert Winnipeg's closed Tivoli. In other cities closed theatres are now churches, [illegible]

Editorial

It's English Canadians' own fault if "bilingual" means French-Canadian

Among many sensible recommendations in the Heeney Report (a report by the Civil Service Commission during A. D. P. Heeney's chairmanship suggesting reforms in its own procedure) one in particular catches our eye. It is the section dealing with language qualifications for civil service jobs.

The commission recommends that clear provision be made in the new (civil service) Act and regulations to ensure that both English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians are served by civil servants in their own tongue.

Strict application of section 19 of the present Act would make it possible to have civil servants who can speak only French dealing with the public in a locality where forty percent of the population is English speaking, and vice versa. It seems to us that where customers of any government office include both English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, the best solution is to have a bilingual staff and not one which has knowledge and use of the language of the majority.

In nine provinces of Canada the language of the majority is English. In one of these nine provinces and in sections of several others at least forty percent of the people own French as their mother tongue. We doubt that there is one place in the entire country where a substantial English-speaking minority finds itself dealing with civil servants who speak no English, but thousands of French Canadians deal in their own locality with civil servants who speak no French.

This is the true, unacknowledged reason why the present Civil Service Act reads the way it does. In practice, a bilingual staff would mean a French-Canadian staff. The suggested change would give French-speaking Canadians extra and often decisive advantage in getting employment and promotion in many branches of the civil service where the English-speaking now predominate.

When French Canadians complain that they are sparsely represented in the upper echelons of industry, and of many government departments too, we English Canadians smugly reply that it's the fault of their education. Spend less time on your catechism and more on science and mathematics, we tell them, and you too will be qualified for the well paid civil service jobs that are now a near monopoly of the English-speaking.

If this argument is valid it should work both ways. It is the fault of our education in English Canada, and the merit of the French, that we can speak only one language and they can speak two. Perhaps they ought to get the benefit of their superiority. Maybe if they did there would be less neglect of language in English Canadian schools.

Mailbag

- Is it snobbish to loathe prostitutes?
- How to curb a husband's drinking habits
- Going steady: do teen-agers suffer?

After reading Beverley Baxter's London letter (Jan. 17) I wondered why it should end only to be repressed in silence. If a hungry person stole food he might get headlines or jailed but these prostitutes who pollute future generations seem to be excused. Jesus said of the woman, "she loved much, go and sin no more." There should be forgiveness for those who sin weak because they learn but for vice there should be warning. See Corinthians chap. 6 verse 9.—MRS. A. J. MARSHALL, MONTREAL.

So poor old Beverley Baxter feels all broken up about his fellow parliamentarian being found out to be a homosexual. But he just turns in indignation when he sees a prostitute on the street. Well personally I could weep for both, but a homosexual wringing the hearts of his fellow parliamentarians while only loathing is evoked by the poor prostitute sickens one of this contemptible class snobbery. — P. G. E. SHAW, EDMONTON.

The troubled innocents

Bravos to Mr. Katz for his article (Jan. 17) on Going Steady. I hope some of the parents reading it will come to realize that "money" and "security" are not synonymous. — MRS. W. BAUTENBERG, COURTENAY, B.C.

It is a question far too important to be waved away with a shrug of the shoulders. Rome in its last days also had a mixing of the sexes in the public baths—a prelude to its demoralization and annihilation. As a rule nations are not defeated from the outside but from within.—J. TUAL, PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

The article suggested that going steady encouraged sexual relations more than among kids that weren't going steady. The parents' trust and the atmosphere of home life are often reflected in couples going steady. If the couple respect each other situations don't arise concerning sexual behavior and if they do the couple can generally cope with it themselves. We feel that we can enjoy things more if you share them with someone who is really interested and you can confide in and talk to a person you see a lot of more than you can to a passing acquaintance. This also brings the couple closer together because when a boy or girl talk of personal things they share a part of themselves with each other. — SUSAN ELLIS, VANCOUVER.

Theology of Assumption

The article on Sandwich Street (Jan. 17) was the most interesting I have ever read concerning Windsor. However it included one error of fact. The Catholic Assumption University of Windsor does not include a divinity school for Anglican ministers, "Canterbury College." The Anglican divinity school in this area is Huron College at London, affiliated with University of Western Ontario.—JOHN E. THOMPSON, DIRECTOR OF DEVELOPMENT, ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY OF WINDSOR.

Our puritan novels

With no intention of impugning your veracity, I find it exceedingly difficult to believe that Psyche, described by you (Jan. 17) as "a sex mystery novel," can, if this is an accurate description, have been written by a Canadian. You must know as well as I do that Canadian novels are neither mysterious nor—well, as a good Canadian I just can't repeat the word. This must surely be an American novel? — J. B. WARD, TORONTO.

Dief on the left

In the cartoon published with Blair Fraser's Backstage at Ottawa (Jan. 17) should not the PM be seated at the right of Mr. Speaker?

Since when could the Rt. Hon. John G.
Leader of the Opposition be?
Should he not sit where the Pearson guy
Sports his conspicuous bow tie?
To set things straight for Mike and Jack
We change their seats but leave the back.
—M. BEARINGER, ELMIRA, ONT.

The editors who blush for shame
Apologize and take the blame.

Cure for drunk husbands?

In How to Talk to Your Spouse (Jan. 17) you write, "Should you tell him he's drinking too much? No, since it's almost impossible to criticize this habit without nagging." The writer, her sister, her sister-in-law and a friend have had firsthand experience and know others who have had. Admittedly there must be no nagging, no reproaches, no name-calling and perhaps most important no discussion while he is under influence of liquor. However by loving consideration and frankness we women were able to show our husbands the evils of drink, the misery and loss it caused us and family, and that we loved them so much we wanted them to be just themselves.—M. JELL, KINGSTON, ONT.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 74

The car created for Canadians

MARK OF DISTINCTION ON THE CANADIAN ROAD

MONARCH MARK II

[illegible]

A thrilling new blend of beauty, performance and luxury . . . priced to invite you to the exciting adventure of fine-car ownership

Here's the big car for a big country: broad-shouldered and beautifully built for the Canadian road.

See that majestic sweep of glass. It gives you a new horizon wide outlook—a new feeling of spaciousness. The crisp and functional styling has the timeless look of good taste—without extremes and excesses.

Wide, wide doors make this an easy car to enter. And inside, you are immediately aware that Monarch Mark II is a remarkably roomy car. It is a true six-passenger car in every respect. The wide floor areas and the new low centre tunnel mean that passengers in the middle seat have knee and leg room to stretch out and enjoy the ride.

Underneath the gleaming hood are new advances in big, deep-breathing, economical V-8's. You sense, rather than hear, the power of these efficient engines. Unseen, but most important, a wide, strong frame surrounds you with solid steel for extra safety.

Drive it. You'll find the entirely new Monarch Mark II offers you more of the things you want—more value—and a new choice of fine cars for 1959.

Two distinctive rooflines: *Top: the sleek Cruiser roofline seen on the Sceptre 4-door Cruiser. Above: the sedan roofline with its graceful cantilever styling, as shown on the Lucerne 4-door Sedan.*

Three superb series:
LUCERNE—*Brings you today's most economical fine-car value.*
RICHELIEU—*Distinctive styling matched with brilliant performance.*
SCEPTRE—*Finest expression of elegant luxury in Monarch Mark II.*

WE INVITE YOU TO DRIVE MONARCH MARK II. SEE YOUR DEALER

FORD EDSEL MONARCH

His pounds melt away—yours won't

Should someone recommend a "wonder diet" to you — one that's guaranteed to make excess pounds vanish in a week or so — beware of the advice. Pounds never "melt away" — *except in the case of the snowman!*

How should you tackle the problem of reducing? First, face the fact that overweight—in more than 95 percent of the cases—is caused by eating and drinking too much. To curb your appetite and change your eating habits *permanently*, a lot of will power is required.

Next, you should get your doctor's advice. He will put you on a diet to remove weight at a safe rate. He will also see that your diet includes all the essential nutrients you need—especially proteins, vitamins and minerals—for body upkeep, repair and health.

Though calorie-laden foods (such desserts, gravies, dressings, fried foods) will be restricted, you will be pleasantly surprised at the varied, appetizing meals you can have while reducing.

Your doctor may also recommend sensible regular exercise, such as walking. Exercise alone won't solve your weight problem. But it will help keep your body in trim, and use up some of the calories that would otherwise be deposited as fat.

Reducing and keeping your weight down will be worth all the effort required. That is because excess pounds burden the *entire* body, especially the heart.

For example, it has been estimated that every 20 pounds of excess weight requires the body to develop about 12 extra miles of blood vessels. Consequently, the work of the heart is greatly increased and it must exert more and more force to pump blood through these additional vessels.

Many studies show that overweight also tends to shorten life. At age 20 and beyond, those who are considerably overweight have a mortality rate at least 50 percent higher than those of average weight.

Moreover, diseases of the heart and blood vessels—including coronary artery disease and high blood pressure—develop more often in overweight people than in people of average weight. This is also true of diabetes and arthritis, as well as gall bladder and liver troubles.

So, if you bring your weight down and keep it [illegible], you can expect to have the [illegible] of more attractive [illegible], better looks, better health, and perhaps added years of life in which to enjoy them.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Home Office: New York
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
Canadian Head Office (Dept. H.W.)
Ottawa 4, Canada

Please send me the free booklet, [illegible] in Control [illegible] Weight, 259M.

Name
Street
City Prov.

MACLEAN'S

Ralph Allen
Editor

Leslie F. Hannon
Managing Editor

John Clare, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders
Associate Editors

Blair Fraser
Ottawa Editor

Assistant Editors
N. O. Bonisteel, Peter Gzowski, Eric Hutton, Ken Lefolii,
Barbara Moon, Peter C. Newman, McKenzie Porter

Gene Aliman **Art Director** · Desmond English **Asst. Art Director** · Jack Olsen **Photo Editor**

Editorial Assistants
Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Shirley E. Mair, Joan Weatherseed, Barbara West

Stanley L. Hutchings **Advertising Mgr** · B. Anthony Lawless **Circulation Mgr** · Roy F. MacKenzie **Advertising Production Mgr**

C. J. Laurin **Director, Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division**

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES: 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

CONTENTS

VOLUME 72 FEBRUARY 14 1959 NUMBER 4

PREVIEW. New TV programs for kids / Stereo in your soup? How they'll keep [illegible] men / Falcon hunting, newest craze 1

BACKSTAGE: Where'll government get funds to keep promises? How drug-store cowboys behave / Our changing eating habits 3

EDITORIAL and MAIL BAG 4

ARTICLES

I served on a murder jury. Ken McIlroy 13
How to get your boss's job. Peter C. Newman 16
The precocious alma mater of the prairies. John Clare 18
How I got mixed up in the Cuban revolution. Tom Pettersen 20
Eat fat and grow slim. Dr. Roy N. Lawson 21
Stoker Mahoney and Pill No. 2,183. John Rhodes Sturdy 22
A challenging new concept of French Canada. Robert Olsen 24

DEPARTMENTS

For the sake of argument. The drinkers—our underprivileged majority. McKenzie Porter 8
London letter. The new terror of Fleet Street. Beverley Baxter 10
Sweet & sour page 28 **Maclean's movies** page 30 **Jasper** page 34
We asked page 40 **In the editors' confidence** page 75 **Parade** page 76

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

Credits are listed left to right, top to bottom: [illegible]

THE COVER

Fourteen people crowded into an elevator limited by law to carrying ten experience a real gamut of emotions, observes artist **Duncan Macpherson**, from Brief Case's outrage at having his hat crushed to the mutual bliss of Yellow Scarf and Small Blonde.

Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the **Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited.** **Horace T. Hunter**, Chairman of the Board; **Floyd S. Chalmers**, President; **Donald F. Hunter**, Vice-President and Managing Director. [illegible] Publishing Office 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada. [illegible] **Great Britain:** Maclean-Hunter Limited [illegible] Single copies 15c. Subscription [illegible] Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright 1959 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. [illegible] Manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage for return. The publishers will not be responsible for loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

New members of the RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB can obtain

ANY ONE OF THESE GREAT FIVE-ALBUM SETS

for only $3.98

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES TOTAL UP TO $24.90

...If you agree to buy five albums from the Club during the next twelve months from at least 100 albums to be made available

SET NO. 1 SHOW-TIME FAVORITES

SOUTH PACIFIC America's all time biggest musical. Original soundtrack recording from new film. All the Rodgers and Hammerstein hits, the first time in true hi fi

DAMN YANKEES The new original film soundtrack recording starring Tab Hunter, Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston. *Whatever Lola Wants, Heart*, and others.

PORGY AND BESS Gershwin's *Summertime, Bess, You Is My Woman Now, I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'*, etc., incomparably sung by Rise Stevens and Robert Merrill

LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA. On the spot recording of her sensational supper-club show. Provocative special material, show tunes and standards.

CAROUSEL Best Rodgers-Hammerstein melodies gloriously sung by [illegible] Patrice Munsel, Robert Merrill, Florence Henderson, Gloria Lane, etc.

SET NO. 2 CLASSICS OF SWING

TOMMY DORSEY [illegible] All the biggest [illegible] *Boogie Woogie* [illegible] *Opus No. 1*, *Song of India*, etc. Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford with the Pied Pipers

GLENN MILLER Original recordings of the tunes featured in the Glenn Miller film story. *In the Mood, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Little Brown Jug*, etc.

BENNY GOODMAN The best of the King's Golden Age 1935-39. *Sing Sing Sing, And the Angels Sing, Stompin' at the Savoy, One O'Clock Jump, King Porter Stomp*, etc.

ARTIE SHAW MOONGLOW. 12 history-making hits recorded 1938-45. Including *Begin the Beguine, Frenesi, Temptation, Star Dust, Indian Love Call*, etc.

DUKE ELLINGTON IN A MELLOTONE. 16 selections from Duke's greatest period, 1940-42. *Take the "A" Train, I Got It Bad, Perdido, Rocks in My Bed, Cotton Tail*

ORIGINAL RECORDINGS NOW REPROCESSED TO ENHANCE THEIR SOUND

SET NO. 3 TOPS OF BOSTON POPS

BOSTON POPS PICNIC Arthur Fiedler conducting *Jalousie*, [illegible], *Poeme*, *Mefisto*, *Malagueña*, *Poet and Peasant Overture*, *Danube Waves*, etc.

OPERA WITHOUT SINGING 15 favorite melodies arranged for orchestra. [illegible] *Evening Star, Habanera, Musetta's Waltz, Caro Nome*, etc.

FAMILY ALL TOGETHER Popular light classics and novelties. *Porgy and Bess, Warsaw Concerto, Clair de Lune, Ravel's Bolero*, others

MR. STRAUSS COMES TO BOSTON. Waltzes and polkas. *Tales from the Vienna Woods, On the Beautiful Blue Danube, Pizzicato Polka*, etc.

THE NUTCRACKER Excerpts from Tchaikovsky's delightful ballet. *Waltz of the Flowers, Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*, other ballet selections

This exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music — and, once and for all, takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. **You pay far less for albums this way** than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent as much as a 40% saving in your first year of membership. Thereafter, through the Club's Record-Dividend Plan, **you save almost 33⅓%** of the manufacturer's nationally advertised price. After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a **free** 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least $3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. **A wide choice of RCA VICTOR albums** will be described each month. One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate — or nothing at all — you can make your wishes known on a simple form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price — usually $3.98, at times $4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12 INCH 33⅓ R.P.M. LONG PLAYING

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB [illegible]
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Ltd.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N.Y.

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me the five-album set I have checked below, for which I will pay $3.98, plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next year, for each of which I will be billed at the manufacturer's nationally advertised price: usually $3.98, at times $4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying five albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my fifth purchase, if I continue, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album free. [illegible]

☐ Show-Time Favorites ☐ Classics of Swing ☐ Tops of Boston Pops

Name
Address
City Zone Province
NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, fill in below

Dealer's Name
Address

Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums shipped only to residents of the U.S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.

Fireside furnishings courtesy The Brooks Manufacturing Company Limited

from fire screens to fire engines

Copper

makes it better!

Countless thousands of Canadian products, from fire screens to fire extinguishers, include copper or one of its alloys in component parts. No other metal can match their unique combination of advantages—strength, ready workability, outstanding resistance to corrosion, complete immunity to rust and the ability to conduct heat and electricity. There is no adequate substitute for copper.

ANACONDA COPPER

mined and refined in Canada . . . serving home and industry

ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

New Toronto (Toronto 14) Ontario

Sales Offices: Montreal and Vancouver

For the sake of argument

McKENZIE PORTER PLEADS THE CAUSE OF

The drinkers—our underprivileged majority

Twenty generations of sophists have battered into tatters every argument for and against the consumption of beers, wines and spirits. Long ago I wearied of their bombast. Nowadays, when a man speaks to me with ardor of the wine snob's reward or the teetotaler's plight I cannot stifle a long, low bellow of boredom.

Only one facet of the endless drinking debate removes the yawn from my lips and this is the policy that is pursued upon the interior administration of public houses. When the matter of Canadian beer parlors and cocktail lounges is raised I feel the crimson tide of oratory creeping over me.

Dries talk; wets balk

No matter what stand a man may take on the central moral issue of drinking he cannot deny that I am by law entitled to visit a beer parlor or cocktail lounge. Since these establishments are controlled by the elected representatives of a fully enfranchised people I expect them to be decent in operation and atmosphere. Instead, on entering the typical Canadian beer parlor or cocktail lounge I find myself in a place that affronts the eyes, ears and nose. The chief reason behind this disgraceful and melancholy fact is that Canadians who enjoy a social, stimulating or relaxing drink are, as a class, inarticulate. All the talk about drinking is done by the wrong people: by the dries who hate it, by the publicans who profit from it, by the psychiatrists who exploit it and by the politicians who are troubled at it. The only person who really matters, the man who does the drinking, never says a word.

Individually and privately seventy percent of Canadian adults exercise their right to drink. But they do it so apologetically that they shrink from the task of improving, collectively and publicly, the conditions under which they obtain that drink. Like urchins who've been caught chalking on walls they hang their heads, and shuffle their feet and snivel while the dries upbraid them, the saloon keepers and bartenders insult them, the psychiatrists bully them and politicians hornswoggle them with honeyed cant.

In consequence they drink in beer parlors that remind me of a Bantu shebeen in the native slums of Durban, South Africa, and in cocktail lounges that resemble the Gnomes' Grotto in the Tunnel of Love on the Pleasure Beach at Blackpool, England.

Oh yes, I've been around. I've taken drinks on four continents in my time. In fact I've been drinking for nearly thirty years. My father has been drinking for fifty years. My grandfather, who died not long ago at the age of ninety-six, was drinking for three quarters of a century.

My grandfather did most of his latter-day drinking in an English pub named the Crown. He sat in a leather chair at a leather-topped table on a rich Indian carpet. At the windows were bright chintz curtains. On the oak-paneled walls hung brassware that twinkled in the light of a crackling fire. My grandfather was a plumber and most of his cronies were also skilled artisans. But in the Crown, where they gathered for an hour or so every night of their lives, including Sundays, they always wore a jacket and a tie.

Familiarity breeds respect

The landlord called his customers Sir for the first five years of their patronage. During the second five years he called them Mister. After that, if he was invited so to do, he addressed them by their Christian names. For a long time he called my grandfather Mister Porter. But because my grandfather was very old and because he had long white hair and because he played the organ in church the landlord called him, when the time came to be a little more familiar, Master John.

Once when my grandfather and I went to another pub the landlord called

continued on page 45

ENGLISH-BORN McKENZIE PORTER IS A STAFF WRITER ON MACLEAN'S

The true story of one small borrower

. . . and "MY BANK"

A few weeks ago Julian Janvrin, an Englishman by birth now living in Toronto, came upon this headline in his daily newspaper "Bank of Montreal Deposits Top the Three Billion Mark". A depositor at the B of M since shortly after his arrival in Canada five years ago, Mr. Janvrin was prompted by the headline to write a letter to Gordon R. Ball, president of the B of M, outlining his experiences as both a depositor and borrower at Canada's First bank. We thought Mr. Janvrin's story of his struggle against adversity was worth repeating and, with his permission, have made it the basis of this advertisement.

The Success Story of Julian Janvrin...

Julian Janvrin is the last person in the world to say that his is a success story. We think it is. But you can judge for yourself.

FIVE YEARS AGO, shortly after his arrival in Canada with his wife and three children, Mr. Janvrin had occasion to cash a cheque at his local B of M branch in Toronto. "Although I had told the manager that I was just an immigrant," he recalls, "he invited me to open an account and it was gratifying to me to feel that my confidence in the future of Canada was reciprocated by the Bank of Montreal. Two or three weeks later I opened an account at that branch."

Like most newcomers to Canada, Mr. Janvrin had only enough capital when he arrived to get himself settled, and eventually he found himself short in meeting the final payment on his car, which was essential in his new job as a salesman. So he talked over his problem with his B of M manager, who considered him a good enough risk to advance him the money he needed.

But let Mr. Janvrin continue the story in his own words:

"I mention this because bankers are sometimes regarded as being little more than moneylenders and usurers, but in this instance I knew that the Bank of Montreal was acting as it were on behalf of the people of Canada in helping me to get established in much the same way as in pioneer days the Bank of Montreal must have advanced funds to immigrants to purchase seed, a few implements and maybe a team of horses.

"Soon afterwards I gave up selling, disposed of the car and took a regular job by night while my wife by day quite literally took the holes out of doughnuts. One of us was able always to be with the children, two of whom were not then of school age.

"Fifteen months later we decided to obtain cheaper rental accommodation outside Toronto. A car, however, would then be essential. Again the bank went along with us.

"Two years ago the landlord of the house we were renting decided to sell the house. Again the Bank of Montreal helped us and advanced the down payment that prevented our home being sold over our heads.

"This summer my son, having passed through six grades in three years at public school, sat for the competitive entrance examination for a school for which I would have to pay an annual fee. For this too I am in large measure indebted to the Bank of Montreal, for in June my financial circumstances were such that had I not been confident of my banker's support I might not have even considered sending him to this school.

"We have now again moved into Toronto to be nearer the school, but our circumstances have improved inasmuch as our teenage daughter has now left high school of her own wish and is now working, and as the two younger children are now at school my wife in the New Year will be in a position to take an office job.

"This is not a success story, for the struggle before me is still on. But our bank account is now in better shape than it has been for the past two years and will now perhaps bear scrutiny.

"I am now, therefore, at last in a position to write to thank My Bank, and in particular my bank manager, for the confidence it placed in us and for the help, encouragement and courtesy it has always extended to us.

"To me it is no surprise that the deposits of the Bank of Montreal should have topped the 3 billion mark. For although from the short term point of view I myself am not yet in a position to make large deposits, it may well be from the long term point of view that my son, as a representative of the coming generation, may be in a position to do as other sons of Canada are now doing."

The B of M is, of course, proud to have played its part in Julian Janvrin's success story and is grateful to him for allowing us to publish it. It illustrates some of the many ways in which Canada's First Bank works with Canadians — new and old alike — in every walk of life from coast to coast.

Mr. Janvrin's story provides a sincere and unsolicited testimonial [illegible] *ask for a loan at the Bank* [illegible]

When [illegible] why not see your B of M [illegible] *reasonable* [illegible] *the B of M at the lowest* [illegible]

"MY BANK"

TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS

BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"She's such a darling . . .
I'm telling everyone—
by Long Distance!"

This is a very important time for Kay and of course the family's delighted to share her pride and happiness by Long Distance telephone. It's fast, easy, inexpensive, the next best thing to being there.

It costs less than you think

Look at these low rates. Key calls from Vancouver to Saskatoon and Toronto cost only $1.75 and $2.95 respectively for the first three minutes. These rates apply from 6 p.m. to 4:30 a.m. station to station daily and all day Sunday. Why not make a call today?

TRANS CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Nation-wide Telecommunications Service

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Hugh Cudlipp—the new comet of Fleet St.

In Oscar Wilde's fanciful novel The Picture of Dorian Gray the hero remains young and beautiful while his portrait grows older and uglier. Eventually he stabs the portrait in fury and falls dead whereupon the portrait resumes its youth while Dorian in death is as old and wizened as sin.

My purpose in recalling Wilde's novel is because Fleet Street the street of ink is faced today with the spectacular rise of a handsome ebullient man who is 45 years of age and looks 35. You may as well know about him because unless something goes wrong, he is about to become the most powerful newspaper and periodical editor in Britain.

Like many successful British journalists he served his time in the Beaverbrook ménage. Actually for two years he was managing editor of the Sunday Express and then parted company with the Canadian baron. But they remain good friends. The cliché about absence making the heart grow fonder has always applied to Lord Beaverbrook of New Brunswick.

Lest I forget to mention it Hugh Cudlipp married a very pretty and a charming young person named Eileen Ascroft who also worked for Beaverbrook's Evening Standard.

But you must not imagine that the Dorian Gray of Fleet Street is the only Cudlipp to reach high place in the street of ink. His brother Percy, after a period of film criticism on the Evening Standard, became the editor of the Socialist Daily Herald whose soul is owned by the trade unions but whose body is owned by the capitalist publishing combine of Odham's.

Finally a third brother, Reginald, was appointed editor of the mass circulation News of the World which deals comprehensively on Sunday with revelations of sex vagaries on the part of the British public. In fairness let it be stated that in the non-sex portions of the News of the World there is the utmost dignity and in the realm of politics it is more Conservative than the Times.

Now, having given you the background, I shall dismiss Percy and Reginald and get down to the hero of my tale. To his credit let it be stated that Hugh Cudlipp as editor-in-chief of the Daily Mirror and its weekend offspring The Sunday Pictorial realized that popular journalism could also be powerful journalism. In his quick perceptive assessment of the British people he knew that politics not only

continued on page 70

At 45 Cudlipp heads Britain's gigantic Daily Mirror group. With his wife he visited Edmonton during a tour of Canada last year.

NOW MATINÉE GIVES YOU A NEW HIGH LEVEL OF FILTRATION EFFICIENCY with the *finer filament* filter!

Matinee—the largest-selling filter cigarette in Canada—now has a new, improved filter.

Made with *finer* filaments of one of the most effective filtering materials known—it gives a new high level of filtration *efficiency*.

This new improved filter relays the *full taste* of Matinée's fine tobaccos.

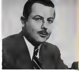
even more than before: in MATINÉE they have found the finest

even more than before: filter efficiency
even more than before: flavour appreciation

If
you
can
afford
any
new
car
you
can
own
this
new
class
of
fine
car

BUICK

LE SABRE INVICTA ELECTRA



Arthur McIlroy and his fellow jurors had to face a "trial" of their own outside the courtroom: isolation from normal life. At night a sheriff's officer mounted guard in their hotel corridor

"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's: stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

I SERVED ON A MURDER JURY

With eleven other citizens I surrendered my freedom and entered the strange isolation of the jury's world while we decided whether a woman would live or die

By Kim McIlroy PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRICHT

A notice by registered mail instructed me to report on Monday, Sept. 22, 1958, to courtroom number one in Toronto city hall for jury duty. It was my first call in the twenty years or so I had been eligible. My reaction was a mild blend of curiosity about a new experience and annoyance at having my personal life upset by an unfamiliar and probably unpleasant task.

When I left home I promised my wife I'd be back early to change. It was her birthday, a baby sitter was taking over the three children and we were going out to dinner.

That was the last time I was allowed to speak to her—or to anyone else but a handful of "authorized" strangers—until three days later. During that time I tried an ex-Sunday school teacher for her life, and in the process spent three of the most extraordinary days of my existence.

What happens to a murder juror, emotionally and physically, in court and out, is far outside the normal range of experience of an average Canadian. It soon became apparent that I was continued on next page

"A man chosen for a murder jury is deprived of more of his freedom and civil rights than the prisoner he's trying"

In traditional lockstep, author McIlroy (behind man in light coat) leaves with jury for lunch—anything on the menu but no drinks. Dining scene is reconstructed

caught up in a strange paradox: jury trial is a cornerstone of democracy hard won by Magna Charta. But a man chosen for a murder jury (women never are in Canada) is immediately deprived of freedom and civil rights — to an extent even greater than the prisoner he is trying.

When it was over I felt impelled to take a closer look behind the events of those three days. Much of what I learned was merely interestingly instructive because it was so unknown to me as a layman. Some was more startling. I discovered that part of the treatment imposed on murder jurors, at least in some Ontario courts, is unauthorized by any law or regulation, and even unknown to the top officials who administer the jury system.

My notice to appear arrived a good two weeks before the specified date and warned of penalties for non-attendance. The courtroom to which I was directed was a hot, high-ceilinged chamber with poor acoustics, furnished with solid Edwardian chairs, tables and benches. The spectator section was filled with men who had received notices like mine. Some sat reading the morning paper; others made the tentative conversation of men thrown together by circumstance. The man next to me said gloomily:

"I hope I don't get stuck with a murder as I was a couple of years ago. They locked us up in a cheap hotel in small rooms with shared bathrooms. When they took us to a restaurant the steaks mysteriously disappeared from the menu."

A court functionary handed out income-tax forms for us to fill in. He explained that the six dollars a day we would be paid was taxable and we'd better remember to report it next April. Then he called the roll.

It was like a gathering of the clans. Most of the names began with "M" and it seemed that two out of three were "Macs." When the jury was finally chosen there were seven of us with the Scottish prefix. I learned later that this was no coincidence. Juries are drawn from voters and tax lists and in Metropolitan Toronto it was the turn of the "M"s.

The inner part of the court was filling up as the clock moved past ten. An attendant called out "Ann Ritchie!" and a police matron led a small dark woman to the prisoner's dock. Her face showed neither fear nor hope, sadness nor defiance. One felt that her expression of resignation had been there long before the event that brought her to the dock.

Her lawyer, William Whiteacre, an athletically built young man, spoke briefly to his client. Henry Bull, crown counsel, a brisk man with a close-clipped mustache, unloaded brief case and law books on the long table.

"He's one of the toughest crowns," commented my experienced neighbor. A court stenographer and a couple of newspaper reporters came in. Suddenly an attendant startled us by calling loudly, "Order in court!" and everybody stood up. Mr. Justice Dalton Wells, a stocky man with a kindly face, mounted the dais.

Ann Ritchie alone remained standing while the court clerk read the charge. She was alleged to have murdered one Stanley Mitchell on the afternoon of June 6 in a rooming house on George Street. I knew the area, a midtown district known as Cabbagetown, not far from the CBC's Jarvis Street headquarters.

The selection of the jury began. A clerk wearing tab collar and morning coat put ninety cards, each marked with one name, into a drum for all the world like miniature Irish Sweepstakes equipment, spun it and started drawing out cards and calling names. The "winners" lined up against the wall behind the jury box. Mine was the twentieth and last name called.

What happened next was a rather grim ritual. Potential jurors stepped forward one at a time and the clerk intoned, "Prisoner, look on the juror; juror, look on the prisoner." The juror and the woman in the box stared bleakly at each other while defense and crown decided whether to accept or reject the candidate.

A few men were challenged by Whiteacre or told by Bull to stand aside. More were unchallenged, sworn in and took their places in the jury box. I tried to compute whether twelve men would be accepted before it came to my turn. My neighbor's description didn't make jury duty sound attractive and I felt a general distaste for the whole thing anyway. But there was a sense of being in a lottery, of being acceptable or unacceptable to those opposing lawyers, and I half wanted to win out. There were eleven men in the jury box when the last name was called—

Prohibited from phoning, McIlroy goes to the room of sheriff's officer to get news relayed from his home

Evening poker sessions in hotel helped ease the monotony but eventually turned to discussion of the case

His permitted magazines read, McIlroy just killed time in his hotel room. The television set was removed

mine. I looked into Ann Ritchie's unresponsive eyes and waited. "No objection," said Whiteacre. "No objection," said Bull. I took my place as juror number twelve.

Bull briefly outlined the crown's case. During a wine-drinking party at the George Street house, Stanley Mitchell, a stranger to the accused woman, had entered her room. There had been a scuffle and later Mitchell was found lying in the hallway with a mortal stab from a kitchen knife. After police questioned the woman she had been charged with murder.

After Bull finished his presentation, Judge Wells adjourned court until two o'clock.

A slight, grey-haired man who had been standing behind the jury box motioned us to follow him. He led us along a corridor into a small room furnished with a long table and twelve chairs. A washroom was attached. The man introduced himself as William MacFarlane, sheriff's officer.

Mr. Mac—as he immediately became to all of us—wore a stern expression that was belied by a twinkle in his eye. He was to be our constant companion, guide, jailer and indoctrinator in court etiquette for the three days during which we were to be a "separated" jury—a jury isolated from communication from anyone or anything that might influence our verdict one way or the other. A judge may (but seldom does) isolate a jury in any criminal case. Isolation of a murder jury is mandatory.

Mr. Mac handed out sheets of paper and told us to list everything we needed from home in the way of clothing and toilet articles. "Don't worry about that," said one of the jurors. "I'll just phone my wife."

Mr. Mac answered, wearing his first expression: "You won't be phoning anybody for the rest of the trial." It was at that moment, I think, that we jurors realized for the first time the complications and frustrations that can come with the sudden, complete withdrawal of communication with family, friends and colleagues. We broke into a chorus of protests:

"But I've got an important business meeting."

"My wife's in the hospital having a baby."

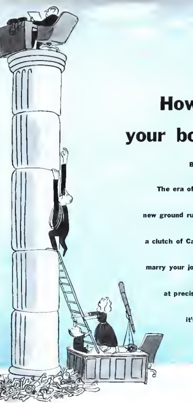
"What about my car? Who's going to pay the parking?"

Four jurors, it turned out, had cars on parking lots around city hall. None of us, apparently, had made business or domestic arrangements for a period incommunicado. Even when the full extent of our separation from the rest of the world dawned on us we had no idea how long the trial would last. Three days was Mr. Mac's cautious guess. He said if we gave him the names of relatives and friends he would try to straighten out our assorted problems.

Someone said, "I can tell my wife to pack me a bottle of liquor, of course?" "No," answered Mr. Mac. I wrote on my list, between toothbrush and handkerchiefs, "Cough medicine," and fervently hoped my wife would divine my meaning.

Mr. Mac and three assistant sheriff's officers paraded us to lunch.

continued on page 64



How to get your boss's job

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

The era of the Organization Man has introduced new ground rules for Getting Ahead. Now, according to a clutch of Canada's top executives, you've got to marry your job—and the right girl—and rebel at precisely the right moment. But be warned—it's lonely at the summit

THE EXPERTS LAY DOWN THIS PLOT OUTLINE FOR THE UP-TO-DATE SUCCESS STORY

Don't be a YES-man — or an automatic NO-man

Identify yourself with your company.

You must be a good listener.

Your wife must accept the cost of success.

Tailor your language for each situation.

Take work home only in emergencies.

Nearly all bosses complain these days that an increasing number of their employees are more concerned with security than success. Whether this is literally true or not, there are still millions of young Canadians whose chief goal in life is to get their bosses' jobs.

A growing literature on the subject in recent years suggests that the simple requirements for promotion that applied in Horatio Alger days no longer hold true—that success is *not* the result of working every waking hour, leading a saintly and spartan private life, and speaking respectfully to the boss and all his relatives.

Because the new code of self-improvement in business which has displaced the old reliable virtues often contradicts itself, many of today's acolytes in the temple of business are confused about the best way to promotion.

Does a brash NO-man have a better chance than the polite YES-man? How dependable an aid for success is it to drag home with you every evening a brief case bulging with extra work? Has the theory been discredited that it pays to be kind and gentle with subordinates? Are ruthlessness and toughness the surest way to promotion? How essential is formal education? How important a supporting role can a man's wife play in the advancement of his career? Is it true that to succeed in big business, it helps to be slightly neurotic? Or is that a fatal disability?

For any individual the answers to these and similar questions depend on his present height on the management ladder. For the teen-ager, getting the boss's job usually means a move from office boy to behind a junior clerk's desk. For a slightly older man or woman starting out in business it's often the equivalent of advancing from clerk to chief clerk. At these levels most of the old virtues still apply—the pace of promotion depends largely upon arriving at work on time, sticking to the job, working when necessary off the job's allotted hours and obeying to the letter a superior's most offhand instructions.

But those who have progressed beyond the elementary tiers and want to become big or medium bosses are faced with a changed and increasingly complex set of propositions. The higher the level the more metal is needed in the soul. "If you want to become an executive, you'll have to sacrifice personal preferences for corporation policies—to identify yourself with your company so thoroughly that you accept its actions and philosophy as extensions of your own feelings. An executive can be sensitive to the needs of his organization," says Dick Forrest, director of management development for Trans-Canada Air Lines, "only to the extent that he assumes the personality of his company."

Psychologists who have tried to weigh the qualities essential for advancement in business and the men who themselves have advanced agree there is no behavior pattern which, if followed, will take you to the top. What changes a man into an executive, they emphasize, is his gradual shift in attitude toward his work and fellow employees. Few men are aware of when this change occurs. But once it comes, they never are the same again.

Within the great body of research on getting ahead in business there are views to back almost every rule of behavior short of arriving at the office drunk and passing out on the boss's desk. But certain guideposts are generally accepted by the country's top businessmen and industrial psychologists. Here is some of the more arresting advice they offer the young man who has hurdled the most elementary phase of his career and now wishes to launch himself toward executive status.

- Don't constantly come up with fast and concrete answers to your boss's queries. The boss is looking for visionaries. He realizes that the man below him with quick solutions bases his replies on what has happened in the past, not on what might be. Never forget that near the bottom you're doing things by minutes and days; near the top you'll be concerned with months and years. Some self-doubt is essential.
- Try to marry a woman willing to accept gracefully the costs as well as the rewards of success. "If your wife won't allow you to devote the largest proportion of your life to your company, you just haven't got a chance," warns Professor Eric Kierans, director of the McGill School of Commerce.
- If you're competent and ruthless, you'll probably manipulate yourself into the top ranks much more quickly than rivals who are only competent. When you don't agree with management's decisions, rebel. That can get you fired, but the restless aggressor is much continued on page 48

Drawings by Peter Whalley

1910: On a stubbled wheat field Sir Wilfrid Laurier laid first cornerstone of year-old school

1959: Three new buildings are slated to join the growing collection of Collegiate Gothic overlooking South Saskatchewan River

Ivy may not yet grow
on its walls,
but the
niversity of Saskatchewan
has already
turned out the world's
first cobalt bomb,
ur current prime minister
and the best
Rhodes scholars
from anywhere—
not to mention
the Intensely Vigorous
College Nine →

Students from six nations—attracted by international renown of U of S—are among this group in students' lounge

Membership in famed (for high jinks as well as music) Intensely Vigorous College Nine is usually closer to 15

The precocious alma mater of the prairies

BY JOHN CLARE

1914: The university began its program of sending Better Farming Trains—this is a later model—to bring the province's farmers up to date on agricultural progress

1946: Scientists at U of S made the first breakthrough in developing anti-cancer cobalt bomb. Its potent gamma rays are precisely aimed by cross on patient's skin

When George Bernard Shaw observed in 1948 that the University of Saskatchewan was "apparently half a century ahead of Cambridge in science and of Oxford in common sense," the people of the province, who feel about their school much the way Russians feel about the Moscow subway, were pleased but not at all surprised.

Ever since 1912 (classes were held for the first three years in a downtown office building and schools) they have been sending their sons and daughters, as well as a good deal of their money, to the growing collection of Collegiate Gothic buildings, most of them made of local limestone, at Saskatoon. Next fall three more buildings should be ready to add to the forty-two now scattered over an uncluttered two-thousand-acre campus high on a bluff on the east bank of the South Saskatchewan River that was once a wheat farm. By that time the university will be deep in the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, to the accompaniment of specially composed music, the murmur of learned societies and the rolling sound of orators pointing to the past with pride and to the future with confidence.

While few of them will be able to agree completely with Shaw's assessment, which was made in 1948 in the preface he insisted upon writing for a book by a Saskatchewan professor whose theories about the birth of language caught his eye, there is sure to be some wonder and thankfulness that a university was ever born and raised in the middle of the prairies. When Sir Frederick Haultain as premier of the Northwest Territories first proposed a university in 1901 the area that was to become Saskatchewan four years later had only 91,279 people and there were only three homesteaders between Lumsden and Saskatoon, a distance of about 140 miles on the railroad running north from Regina. Even today the whole province has a smaller population than Montreal or Toronto.

The first classes were held in September, 1909, on the third floor of the Drinkle Block and thereby became the only university in the country with an elevator. There were seventy students and four professors, not counting the president. Now there are 275 professors and 4,100 students, and it's expected that the postwar continued on page 57

Patterson holds a poster of the Cuban operetta Cecilia Valdés. He'd like to stage it at Stratford

How I got mixed up in the Cuban revolution

I packed no gun and grew no beard, but I did get a cloak-and-dagger view of opera-loving rebels—
and I invited Fidel Castro to come to this year's Stratford Festival

BY TOM PATTERSON

TOM PATTERSON, the former magazine editor who founded the Stratford Shakespearean Festival, is a man who believes that actors, singers and musicians can make better ambassadors between nations than professional diplomats can. As planning consultant for the Festival he headed a delegation of Canadians who went to Russia last year at the invitation of the Soviet ministry of culture. A proposal to exchange the festival company for a group of Russian musicians under the sponsorship of the two governments was discussed. In between trips to the West Indies, where he signed up the Little Carib dancers for 1958, a visit to the White House, where he talked about the Festival, and swings around the luncheon circuit in Canada and the U.S., where he also talked about the project closest to his heart, Patterson has had time for more dreams. One of them had to do with an abandoned CNR roundhouse in Stratford which he thought would make a wonderful movie studio. Lured by the music of a recorded Cuban operetta he recently flew to that strife-torn country. The story of that adventure, the first trip he has made to a revolution in search of talent, is told here.

One afternoon late in December, only a few days before Cuba's government was overthrown and its leader General Batista fled, I sat in a secret meeting of rebel leaders held in the office of a Havana psychiatrist. There were ten revolutionaries, all of them professional men—doctors, lawyers and scientists—who had risked discovery and possibly death at the hands of the dreaded SIM secret police to come and tell their story to a visiting Canadian. One of the conspirators slipped out halfway through the meeting to return to his government office where he held a responsible post with the Batista government as chief geologist.

No names were revealed except mine. For days I had been John Anderson, a name I had borrowed on impulse from a man I know in Stratford because he is the kind of conservative, correct person you would least expect to find at a revolution. This day I was using my real name as a gesture of my good faith. Only a few days before two of Batista's men had secured an interview with Fidel Castro in his jungle headquarters by posing as U.S. newspapermen. On their return to Havana they gave details of the location of the hideout to Batista but by this time their deception had been detected and the rebel chieftain and his staff had moved to a new hideout in Oriente province.

Because Cubans were forbidden to have any dealings with foreigners without reporting the contact to the government and because I spoke little or no Spanish I had been brought to the meeting by another doctor as a patient. When we entered the waiting room of Dr. Miguel Bustamante, the psychiatrist, I was presented to the receptionist, for the benefit of the other patients who were there, as a disturbed man who had lost the power of speech.

For a time we talked in low voices about the struggle for freedom being waged, and soon to end so dramatically on New Year's Eve, by the revolutionary movement which had the support of the great majority of Cubans.

First they wanted to know if I was really interested in their cause or was I a journalistic sightseer anxious to turn a fast dollar. I told them I had been overseas for five years as a Canadian soldier in a war against another dictator. As for my journalistic credentials I showed them a copy of Maclean's.

They talked of the aims of the revolutionary movement, aims that have become well known to many Canadians who like myself knew Cuba until recently only as a place sugar came from and gamblers went to. One of them told me how Castro himself had answered a visitor's query about his men's Communist leanings. "Open your shirts," the bearded leader commanded a squad of his freedom fighters. At each man's chest dangled a small cross.

Another, a doctor, told me of the torture and killing of rebels and those who helped them. Two thousand had been killed in Havana in the past six months, he said. He and his fellow doctors had seen many of them because the secret police, through a desire to be legal and correct, had required death certificates for their victims. One rebel's body, he said, had been punctured scores of times with a sharp instrument (an ice pick, he had been told) in an attempt to make him talk before death silenced him. A messenger was sent out from our meeting to get me a folder of atrocity pictures of other torture victims. Some of the men had been emasculated, women had been cruelly whipped. This, he said, was the work of Batista's bully boys. They warned me it would be dangerous to try to smuggle the pictures out of the country so I brought them out in full view, stuffed in a pocket of my jacket.

Toward the end of the three-hour meeting, which was still being conducted in an atmosphere of caution, my sponsor, Dr. Constantino Zayas, who ran a chemical laboratory, told **continued on page 60**

BY DR. RAY N. LAWSON

At his Montreal home the author orders more cream. Best breakfast? Bacon and eggs fried in butter, he says.

A noted Canadian doctor (who lost thirty pounds himself) joins an expert band of pioneers and urges

Eat FAT and grow SLIM

Here's a reprieve for the thousands of fatties who've been hungry and depressed for years on Melba toast and lettuce. Throw away your calorie counters, shun starches and sugars, and spread gobs of butter on everything—that's what the man says

Anyone here like to make a bet what killed Jack Sprat of nursery rhyme fame? My guess is a coronary.

Since no one at this late date can prove me wrong, let me paint a new word picture of him. He was bulging, red-faced, harassed and crabby; he worried all day long and at night had horrible dreams about a spook named Cholesterol. He died suddenly in his mid-forties. Jack Sprat would eat no fat.

If Jack had eaten plenty of butter and eggs, if he had tacked into a good fat slice of pork regularly and if he had stayed away from that "slimming" warped toast called Melba, he would have lasted much longer and enjoyed it much more.

As recently as a year ago that statement would have raised most eyebrows in the medical profession. Most of them will still likely twitch a bit. But day by day doctors are beginning to be more sensible about the question of fat in the diet and about the inconvenience or downright danger of omitting it. One after another doctors and experimenters are finding out that eating fat does not add weight and in fact that a diet high in fats and low in carbohydrates is the speediest, healthiest, happiest way to take off pounds.

Sounds silly, doesn't it? But that is because most of us have been brainwashed for many, many years about the dangers of eating fat; we find it hard to face an old truth that has come to light.

It is well to remember that fat eating is not new to mankind. It was once his way. Only in relatively recent times have we drifted away from it, and lately that drift has been hard against it. Your "reason" may have to fight against the tide. But a few people at least are on the right track.

Dr. Richard Mackarness of London, England, has come out with a potent little volume that tells the story in its brief title, Eat Fat And Grow Slim (Collins of Canada). He writes about the detailed medical research undertaken at the Middlesex Hospital where controlled experiments using three different diets of equal calorie value proved that the high-fat diet removed excess weight fastest.

The explorer, writer, traveler and long-liver, 80-year-old Vilhjalmur Stefansson, has been explaining it and demonstrating it to doctors for years.

For two years now I have been living as a fat eater myself and the results have frankly astonished me. Not only have I lost thirty pounds but I find I have about twice the energy I had before and I have a completely new outlook on life.

Man's rediscovery of **continued on page 42**

BEFORE. British Conservative party chairman Lord Hailsham (centre) sported a healthy paunch in 1957 — before he went on a high-fat diet.

AFTER: A year later, minus 35 lbs, he charmed Miss Blackpool.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY JOHN RHODES STURDY

In this uncensored tale of the war at sea the nation will learn for the first time the harrowing and hilarious connection between

Stoker Mahoney and Pill No. 2-183

Seasickness simply did not exist, the navy medics ruled. Then one stormy day in 1944 . . .

Every once in a while Maclean's publishes a Flashback of some exciting event in fairly recent Canadian history, and while these usually prove to be pretty gripping stuff I think a couple of my own undiscovered flashbacks are just as remarkable. For instance, the editors of Maclean's have never approached me to tell the story of how a corvette named Matapedia eased the suffering of countless thousands of Allied seamen during World War II.

In fact there are ex-crew members of Matapedia who firmly believe that we were responsible for winning the war. This statement may be questioned at Naval Headquarters in Ottawa, and by the Army and Air Force, and certainly we were never mentioned in the Honors and Awards List, but that's the way it goes with heroes sometimes. Personally I would have given our Stoker Mahoney the George Medal, or at least the MBE, and would have been content myself with a Mention. But as it turned out the credit went to others, including a couple of doctor types named Best and Penfield.

They developed Pill No. 2-183.

But we made it possible.

This was no ordinary pill. Officially it was known as the Royal Canadian Navy Seasickness Remedy, and when it emerged from the laboratory in 1943 it changed the whole complexion of the war effort at sea. Up until that time the Allied navies had been winning the Battle of the Atlantic, but against heavy odds. On the one hand there was the enemy lurking below the surface of the sea, and on the other were the heaving stomachs of the Allied seamen. There were times when some doubt existed as to which was the greater menace, and this is recorded in all seriousness.

It's a fact that there is no more useless sailor than a seasick sailor.

Pill No. 2-183, made available not only to the armed forces of Canada but to those of Britain and the United States as well, settled the stomachs in many a rolling ship at sea and in pitching landing craft headed for invasion beaches. It increased fighting efficiency and no doubt helped bring victory.

The ingredients of Pill 2-183, as it was catalogued, appear pretty frightening to the layman. They are Hyoscine HBr, Hyoscyamine HBr and Ethyl B methyl allyl thiobarbituric acid (V-12). (It is not suggested that these be mixed at home for a day's outing in a rowboat.) Put together and taken in pill form they gave certain immunity against the ravages of one of the most ghastly maladies known to mankind.

Giving credit where credit is undoubtedly due, a number of eminent medical men and research scientists were connected with the development of this wonder drug. They included Dr. C. H. Best, co-discoverer of insulin, who during continued on page 53

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON

Admiral Jones sent every available medical officer to sea in a minesweeper. Seasick? "It was a ruddy shambles"

Schoolchildren play in St. Justin village where Philippe Garigue focused his microscope on Quebec. Marching pylons typify the progress of so-called "habitant country."

In the Vaudreuille store, Garigue (right) found a supermarket's array of merchandise

A CHALLENGING NEW CONCEPT OF FRENCH CANADA

Old and new blend everywhere in St. Justin. Farmer Maurice Villeneuve's new car and TV-equipped house contrast with traditional well-hoist.

For two centuries most Canadians have regarded Quebec as an unchanging peasant society, slow to accept new ideas and wholly obedient to the parish priest. Now a brilliant young social scientist and teacher named Philippe Garigue has stirred up a lively and heated controversy by claiming it just isn't so

By Robert Olson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASIL ZAROV

Every country seems to have its Deep South. Quebec is Canada's South." This was the comment of a young French Canadian passionately condemning the politics, economics, education and social conditions of his native province. Other Canadians—English-speaking as well as French—can become equally fervent in praise of Canada's largest province, its people and their ways. Whether regarded as "backward Quebec" or *La belle province*, Quebec's one unquestionable resemblance to the American secessionist states lies in the way legend has replaced fact in shaping people's attitudes toward it, inside the province and out.

"Mythological thinking is the worst possible thinking about French Canada and English Canadians have the worst possible myths about French Canadians," says Philippe Garigue, a social scientist who came from the London School of Economics to McGill, Quebec's senior English-language university, in 1954. The Conservative landslide in Liberal Quebec last year removed one nearly universal illusion and some French Canadians are wondering just how well they understand themselves. If Professor Garigue's studies of rural and urban Quebec are valid, not only popular opinion but the conclusions of most experts on French Canada are founded on myths.

Professor Garigue is well cast in the role of Man from Mars in Canada. The bi-cultural product of a family that has spanned the English Channel for generations, he was born in England of an English mother and French father, has a French sister and English brother. His three children, by an Italian wife, were born in Austria, England and Canada. Originally High Anglican, he has made a calm conversion to the Roman Catholic church since coming here.

In July 1957 he was named Dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences at the French-language University of Montreal, the only non-French Canadian faculty head there and, at forty, the youngest. The appointment aroused

STORY, PICTURES CONTINUED OVER PAGE →

In the Casaubon kitchen Garigue found modern appliances. Women play a strong role in St. Justin's life

In his inside look at St. Justin, Garigue found new schools, new industries and new ideas in an old setting

Late model cars ply St. Justin's streets and a thirty-foot television aerial is perched atop almost every house.

A challenging new concept of French Canada. continued

such a commotion as is hard to imagine an academic action causing anywhere else on this continent. Quebec teachers, politicians, priests, labor leaders, writers and businessmen are still applauding, criticizing or speculating about it. There seems to be a general expectation that new ideas about French Canada developed in a key centre like the university, will bring concrete changes through the whole community.

Dr. Garigue's ideas first clashed with those of his colleagues while he was still teaching at McGill. Most leading authorities on social trends in Quebec had described French Canada's fixed and archaic way of life as crumbling under the impact of commerce and technology from the dynamic English-speaking world. But Garigue asserted that French Canada never had the kind of rigid "folk-culture" that sociologists claimed, and that the contrast they had made between two incompatible sorts of culture in North America was invalid.

Garigue believes that French Canada is progressing through the twentieth century in its own way, and is not going through the crises so many experts have perceived. His findings in fact suggest that there are resources in the French-Canadian tradition that help individuals meet the stresses of metropolitan and industrial life more successfully than most North Americans.

Clear support for his views has come from another outsider to the North American scene. An anthropologist at University College of Auckland, New Zealand, Professor Ralph Piddington, has recently made a study, on a Carnegie grant, of French Canada. His findings in French Manitoba as well as Quebec communities parallel Garigue's. The Montreal dean's hottest opposition comes from near at hand, from French- and English-speaking sociologists and from French Canadians who are embroiled in the bewilderingly complex social debates about the Quebec of today.

Those opposing him say that when he declares there is no serious social breakdown in Quebec what he really means is that the traditionalist groups—conservative clergy and reactionary politicians—have still got control and he approves. But this isn't so. Traditionalist leaders point continually to an ideal "French-Canadian Way of Life" which must be defended against "The Anglo-Saxon Peril". Garigue says that the way of life they hold up so often on platforms and in the press as truly French Canadian does not and never did exist.

Although Garigue's view of French Canada flatly contradicts an array of other views he says he does not relish controversy and the role of controversial figure does not appeal to him.

The Garigue name is best known in the world of fashion. Queen Elizabeth has opened the British House of Commons in brocades from his family's firm. Garigues have long supplied top dressmakers of London and Paris with English woolens and French silks.

Both fabrics are represented in his personality. Someone first meeting him sees a man of medium height with the brown complexion, fine curved nose and curly mouth of France's southern Languedoc province, which he says is full of Garigues. With a broad forehead and wearing thin-rimmed glasses, rather meticulous in his appearance and gestures, he is not hard to place as a professor—on the formal European model, rather than the hearty American. His adventurous side is expressed only in his actions.

At the start of the Second World War he interrupted his studies in metallurgy to train as an officer in the British paratroopers. Later he was a liaison officer with the Fifth Canadian Division in its violent progress northward past Monte Cassino. Then, being fluent in Italian from Mediterranean holidays as a boy, he was sent behind the enemy lines to establish contact with Italian partisans. The Committee of Liberation leader in a region of the Lower Alps had beautiful twin daughters, and Garigue married one.

After nine years in the army he returned to London to study sociology and anthropology. When he graduated from the London School of Economics he went for research into West Africa, where booming industry and the withdrawal of European power were speeding the collapse of the old tribal systems. The political and social turmoil made it stimulating for a social scientist. Garigue's enemies remark, He went to Africa and they didn't make him a witch doctor.

continued on page 34

Parish curés like Father Donat Grémard are not the dictators of village life Garigue discovered

Pupils at First Concession school just outside St. Justin are taught by lay teacher Germaine Lebeau. Garigue found the children of the parish unusually self-reliant

Younger children in the village are taught by nuns. Later they may attend one of two good-sized, modern senior schools

The village priest's authority has en far from absolute. A second school board was organized when a dispute flared up within the parish

Eager to forge ahead, villagersubscribed $100,000 to attract a new furniture factory that now employs one hundred St. Justin workers

Lucien Prudhomme does a million-dollar-a-year business at his furniture factory; goes to Mexico every winter

Ten thousand cases of mineral water from the Lemire bottling plant—one of two in the village—are sold every year to hospitals in Montreal, Quebec City and Three Rivers

Three hundred of St. Justin's 305 families buy the weekly paper printed by the Gagne brothers (jackets), 220 buy city dailies

Sweet & sour

And she was just getting the hang of it

Letter to a freshman son in English (Hons.)

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

My dear Son

It was good to get your latest letter from college and to see that your freshman English course is teaching you to use long complicated words instead of simple ones

Here at our residential locale our physiological condition is superlative except for your feminine sibling Mary who is suffering from a slight obstruction of the nasal passages together with some irritation of the bronchia However we do not consider the affliction such as to necessitate consultation with a member of the medical fraternity

Bertha our feline has given birth to offspring sextuple in number three of the masculine persuasion and an identical number on the distaff side The orbs which will later give them optical perception are still closed

Our meteorological status continues unsurpassed featuring mercury readings of a temperate nature and a lack of precipitation or any undue cumulus congestion

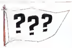
With a totally unrestricted amount of affection Dad

Road Code

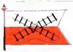
BY PARKE CUMMINGS DRAWINGS BY GERALD BERN

Pleasure boat owners often display signal flags to indicate distress, captain on board, cocktails being served, and so on Is there any reason why automobile drivers shouldn't do likewise—with the pennants, perhaps, attached to their radio antennae? Like this:

Keep safe distance and don't sound horn Driver tired and irritable after long trip



Lost Need to borrow road map



Watch it Wife driving husband to catch commuter train and will have to hurry to make it.

Wish to sell car Will accept any reasonable offer

Sunday driver out to view scenery Will not proceed at more than twenty mph no matter how strongly urged

Speed trap ahead Fellow drivers take warning!

Who could wish for anything more?

We ask you Who in the world could set eyes on this new-styled, you-styled Dodge '59 without an "oooh!" or two! Who on earth could count its brilliant features—like all new swivel seats, push button drive, push-button heating and Torsion *AIRE* Ride—without a trace of awe? Answer *Nobody!*

For Dodge is the car to judge others by in 1959 It is the car that neighbours talk more about, women look smarter in, men save more money on youngsters beg oftener for Inspect it at your Dodge dealer's today! You can't wish for anything more in a moderately priced automobile!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

QUALITY BUILT

'59 DODGE-*WOW!*

NOTHING PROTECTS LIKE

NON-POISONOUS DETTOL ANTISEPTIC DISINFECTANT

in the home

KILLS GERMS

EVERYWHERE

A little Dettol in the cleaning water helps guard your family's health. It attacks the hidden dirt, disinfects drains. Makes fixtures and walls hospital clean — free from household germs.

You will like Dettol as your personal antiseptic, too. It's the antiseptic of choice in leading Canadian Hospitals.

Rockitt & Colman (Canada) Limited Montreal

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS CANADIAN, LIMITED

[illegible] MONTREAL [illegible]

☐ Art [illegible]
☐ Automotive [illegible]
☐ Aviation [illegible]
☐ Building [illegible]
☐ Business [illegible]
☐ Chemistry [illegible]
☐ Civil, Structural Engineering [illegible]
☐ Drafting [illegible]
☐ Electrical [illegible]
☐ High School [illegible]
☐ Mechanical & Shop [illegible]
☐ Power [illegible]
☐ Radio, Television, Communications [illegible]
☐ Railroad [illegible]
☐ Textile [illegible]

Name ____ Age ____ Home Address ____

City ____ Prov. ____ Working Hours ____ A.M. to ____ P.M.

Employed by ____

Dominion of Canada Charter—Registered under Provincial Trade School Regulations.

GET AHEAD IN '59

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **SOME CAME RUNNING**: An unexpectedly lively screen edition of James Jones' obese novel. Frank Sinatra portrays a sardonic ex-GI who goes back home to Indiana and grapples with small-town hypocrisy, complicated women, imported hoodlums and other hazards. Shirley MacLaine as a warmhearted dimwit who follows him around turns in a notable performance under Vincente Minnelli's direction. Some of the story's many characters remain shadowy at the finish but the film knowingly combines tension and robust comedy. With Dean Martin, Martha Hyer, Arthur Kennedy.

ANNA LUCASTA: A Broadway hit in 1944-45 and an indifferent movie in 1949, Philip Yordan's bleak domestic drama returns to the screen as an all-Negro production. Eartha Kitt does some painfully mechanical work in the central role of a prostitute who tries to break with her past. Rex Ingram is convincing as her old rotten-oak daddy, and so is Sammy Davis Jr. as the wildest of her boy friends.

FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON: Clever special-effects camera work fails to atone for a confused story and several wooden performances in a science-fiction fantasy based on a Jules Verne tale about the launching of a lunar rocket in 1868.

THE GEISHA BOY: The Jerry Lewis fans probably will love this, undismayed by the apathy of non-members. The producer-clown appears as a low-grade magician who goes to Japan and falls in love with a Tokyo blossom. My own rating is a four-letter word: Poor.

TONKA: Great stuff, no doubt, for the youngsters but fairly heavy going for more senior customers who are inclined to squirm when humans talk to animals and are rewarded with understanding snorts. It's about an Indian boy (Sal Mineo) who captures and trains a wild stallion. Plenty of soldiers-versus-redskins action toward the finish.

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE: The prevailing tone is self-consciously "naughty" throughout much of this otherwise cheerful farce about the sex life of married suburbanites in Connecticut. With Richard Widmark, Doris Day, Gig Young.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good.

Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Country: Western. Excellent.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof: Sexy drama of Deep South. Good.

The Decks Ran Red: Drama. Fair.
The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
Dunkirk: War drama. Good.

The Fearmakers: Drama. Good.
Folies-Bergère: French backstage musical. Fair.

Gigi: Musical. Excellent.

Home Before Dark: Drama. Fair.
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.
Houseboat: Romantic comedy. Good.
The Hunters: Aviation drama. Good.

Ice Cold in Alex: British war drama. Good.
The Inn of the Sixth Happiness: China drama. Good but long.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good.
I Want to Live!: Death-cell drama. Good.
I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good.

The Last Hurrah: Comedy-drama. Good.
Law and Disorder: Comedy. Good.

The Man Inside: Crook drama. Fair.
Mardi Gras: Comedy with music. Good, especially for Teen Set.
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.
My Uncle: French comedy. Fair.

A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Good.

Onionhead: War comedy. Fair.
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.

La Parisienne: French farce. Good.
Party Girl: Gang drama. Good.
The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good.

Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good.
Rooney: Dublin comedy. Good.
The Roots of Heaven: Drama. Good.

Sea of Sand: Desert war. Fair.
7th Voyage of Sinbad: Arabian Nights adventure for children. Good.
She Played With Fire: British crime mystery. Fair.
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair.
South Seas Adventure: Cinerama ultra-widescreen travelogue. Fair.
Stage Struck: Drama. Fair.

Tom Thumb: Fairy-tale comedy. Good for adults, excellent for children.
Torpedo Run: War drama. Fair.

White Wilderness: Nature documentary. Excellent.
The Wind Cannot Read: Drama. Good.

Top Talent makes the Top Newspaper

Harvey Hickey —Chief Ottawa Bureau
George Bain —London Bureau
Philip Deane —Washington Bureau
Clark Davey —Ottawa Bureau
[illegible] Cote —Quebec Bureau
Robert Duffy —Ottawa Columnist
Bruce West —Columnist
[illegible] St. John —Education
James Reidford —Cartoonist
Scott Young —Sports
Stanley Westall —Metropolitan Toronto
Ian [illegible] —Mortgage Market
Herbert Whittaker —Theatre
John Kraglund —Music
Pearl McCarthy —Art
W. A. Deacon —Books
[illegible] —Movies
Olive Dickason —[illegible]
[illegible] —[illegible]
Mary Jukes —Features
Wilfred List —Labor
Wallis Gray —Feature Reporting
James Senter —Education
Ian Carmon —International Affairs
David Spurgeon —Medical
[illegible] Stonehouse —[illegible]
Gordon Walker —Football
Al Nickleson —Baseball
[illegible] McLeod —Hockey
Ed Waring —Soccer
[illegible] Robertson —Finance
[illegible] —Industry
James Scott —Mining

THAT'S WHY PEOPLE IN THE KNOW

READ THE Globe and Mail

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

Crisp, bright, and bracing as Laurentian afternoon...

Enjoy the BIG TASTE in beer!

CARLING'S

Black Label

CALL FOR CANADA'S BIG FAVOURITE . . .

"MABEL, BLACK LABEL"

REDUCE HIPS, TUMMY IN SIZE AT HOME

FREE ... Home treatment and booklet about "How to Reduce Inches at Home" ...

MAIL COUPON BELOW

Do your reducing at home this new way ... without diet or weight loss. Do it alone or together ... only 30 minutes a day. No dirt, no pills, no salons, no heat, no vibration.

Relax-A-cizor makes inches vanish almost like magic ... while you read, watch T.V. or just REST ... at HOME! No effort.

Makes muscles and contours of abdomen, hips, waist firmer, trimmer ... more youthful looking. No sagging skin like dieting. Both men and women use for firming, tightening, slimming exercise. Pleasant. No effort. Relaxing.

This is the safe, convenient, easy way to slenderize just where you want. Why spend time and money in salons? Do it the Relax-A-cizor way ... at HOME!

Let us prove—AT NO COST TO YOU—that you can lose inches from hips, waist, abdomen, thighs and other parts of the body. More than 200,000 delighted users. Praised by Vogue, Esquire, Coronet.

Users say: "4" removed from abdomen." — Mrs. M. F. "3 inches from hips." — M. A. "Dress size was 16, now 12." — C. P. You may lose less or more ... many lose an inch or two the first few days!

Telephone Relax-A-cizor office in your city for FREE TRIAL TREATMENT, or MAIL COUPON BELOW for illustrated folder.

TELEPHONE TODAY

BRITISH COLUMBIA
Vancouver, B.C. MUtual 1-1611
SASKATCHEWAN ALBERTA MANITOBA
Winnipeg, Manitoba JUstice 6-7[illegible]
ONTARIO
Toronto, Ontario HUdson 2-[illegible]

Representatives in most cities and rural areas

FREE! Mail today

Relax-A-cizor Dept. 43-01

British Columbia: Taylor Distributors, Howard Bldg., Suite [illegible], [illegible] West Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C.
Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba: Trimlines, Ltd., [illegible] Mackay Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Ontario: Taper-Rite, Ltd., 40 Eglinton Avenue East, Toronto, Ontario.
Other Areas: Relaxacizor, 57 Bloor Street West, Suite 3[illegible]6, Toronto, Ontario.
Please send complete information about "Reducing at Home"
☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss
NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ ZONE ____ PROV ____
☐ Telephone me at number ____

A challenging new concept of French Canada

continued from page 27

"St. Justin looked nothing like a peasant community of France"

he came to Canada and they did."

When he had completed his PhD thesis on West Africa, Garigue looked for another country where he might see in a different form a similar clash between the old and the new. He says: "I had heard that there existed along the shores of the St. Lawrence a people called simple, primitive, traditionalist, who were being transformed by industrialization. I already knew the language; that would mean a saving of time on a project." He accepted a two-year teaching fellowship from McGill.

In September, 1954, soon after reaching Montreal, he started visiting French-speaking families in their homes, asking individual members questions about themselves and their families. By late winter he had an uneasy feeling that the theories he had been taught about French Canada, which had made him compare family patterns in Africa and Quebec, were not consorting with the facts.

But it is often asserted that Montreal is not the *real* Quebec. In search of genuine French Canadians, Garigue went at the end of his school term to spend the summer of 1955 about seventy miles up the north shore of the St. Lawrence, in the parish of St. Justin.

St. Justin has a special significance in Quebec. The first professional sociologist to study the region, Léon Gérin, had scrutinized the parish and its inhabitants between 1895 and 1897 and fixed on it as a typical Quebec community. His study of St. Justin was adopted by later sociologists as the definitive account of rural French Canada at that time. Garigue decided that the best place to assess recent change was in a community that had been so thoroughly described in the past.

He needed detailed information from sources like parish records (the Quebec parish is both a religious district and a governmental unit like a township), family histories and genealogies—and most of all he had to get people to talk. He went there cold, with no recommendation from anybody. Recalling the wary, uncommunicative peasants of France he expected a slow and grinding campaign.

His first impressions were surprising. St. Justin looked nothing like the self-contained peasant communities of France.

Except for the high Quebec steeple in the center, and the statue of Christ with Sacred Heart, the village, which at the time of Garigue's survey held 317 of the 1,577 people in the parish, looks pretty much like any thriving small Canadian settlement on flat, open land. There are large frame houses widely separated by neat lawns. The stores are stocked not only with manufactured goods from all over but with fresh vegetables and imported fruit. A bread truck drives through the village and out to the farms. The village has garages, banks, two good-sized senior schools (one for boys, one for girls), two mineral water bottling plants, a printing press, a furniture factory employing about one hundred, a baseball field and lighted tennis courts.

But there is no hotel, theatre, bar or restaurant. When Garigue stepped off the local bus he could see nothing that invited a stranger to stay. He located a place to board for the summer by asking at the first store.

Just being unknown gave him celebrity, heightened when St. Justin heard his business. His landlady took him to the man she thought could tell him most. He was a retired farmer of seventy-two who had moved in from an outlying property and had, with his new leisure, started a business importing linen from the city for sale to local booths that offered "native handicrafts" to tourists. This resourceful septuagenarian took up Garigue's project with delight and promised, "I'm going to show you St. Justin!"

For three full days the old man drove Garigue up and down the *rangs*—what are called concession roads in other parts of Canada—which in Quebec have the farmhouses lined along them, the long narrow fields extending back. Not all the families had their own farms. At the edge of the parish, where the Laurentian Hills begin, day laborers have lived from earliest times, the men hiring out to farmers during the busy seasons and then striking out for the bush to cut wood during the winter. Garigue found some of their isolated shacks worth photographing for the significant detail of car-garages beside them and the thirty-foot TV aerials towering above. His energetic guide introduced him everywhere they went.

"It was the easiest possible place for a sociological study," Garigue recalls. "The people were candid and interested. A few had read the report Gérin made on St. Justin in 1897. They tended to be gently critical of it—or of themselves for not living up to it. They thought the folkways outlined for them were fine but regretted that in fact they had never lived that way."

In the St. Justin that Gérin depicted, each farm was practically self-sufficient and ruled by the father, with the oldest son ready to succeed him. The son also took over his father's social attitudes and farming methods intact. The family would hope to place its brightest son, and unmarried daughters, in the church. Other sons, if they could, founded farms like the one they left. They were suspicious of the outside world and preferred not to go too far from home. The Roman Catholic priest, father to the parish, guided the St. Justin flock as each patriarch his family.

French-Canadian "nationalist" leaders took up this picture as an ideal: the *natural* way for their people to live. Sociologists also used Gérin's St. Justin as a standard, and measured change in modern Quebec communities by comparing them with it. There was a sense among them all that the more isolated the more eccentric the community, the more French Canadian—a piece of New France preserved under glass.

Léon Gérin had singled out as typical one family, the Casaubons, in this typical parish. Garigue discovered that the Casaubons Gérin chose had actually come from another parish and had left their farm in St. Justin the second generation after Gérin's study. In France they would have been regarded as transients. For St. Justin their pattern was not abnormal. The parish records showed a history of continual arrivals and departures.

Of the one hundred and seventy-four farm families in the two-hundred-year-old settlement, only eight were on land their ancestors had cleared. Fewer than one in four had stayed on the same farm since Gérin's survey. A farmer too old to work his land might get old-age security by holding it and being appar-

JASPER

By Simpkins

He wants to know if he can stay, he missed the last flight south

IN ALBERTA

These Herefords need good roads

These Herefords live in Alberta in a cattle kingdom that stretches from the international border to Fort Vermilion, northernmost area of settlement.

They are part of the vast herds of livestock that each year provide more than half of Alberta's farm income, and are the keystone of one of the province's largest single manufacturing industries—meat packing.

Good roads are vital to these Herefords—to the farmers who raise their feed—to the ranchers who transport 80% of them by road to market or railhead—to the packers who process them.

Actually, good roads are vital to all of Alberta's industries and to all of her people, just as they are in every province. For they are a key factor in Canada's future. They must serve her expanding industry and rapidly developing natural resources. And in the long run, as good roads do everywhere, they will *save* far more than they cost.

There is no better *investment* in Canada's economic future than better roads.

CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

Diesel Engines · Tractors · Motor Graders · Earthmoving Equipment

BETTER ROADS FOR A GREATER CANADA

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines at work on your roads you can be sure your province is getting its money's worth

Caterpillar of Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ontario · Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. · Caterpillar Americas Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A. · Caterpillar Overseas C. A., Caracas, Venezuela · Caterpillar of Australia Pty. Ltd., Melbourne · Caterpillar Brasil S. A., São Paulo · Caterpillar Tractor Co. Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland

with the
secret of
seasoning
on your
table and
in your
cooking

LEA &
PERRINS

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Cycles of change leave patterns behind ...in stone, marble, fresco. The miracle is you can wing across Time to the stirring glories of India's Classic Age, mirrored at Sarnath, Konarak, Ellora... the majestic grandeur of the Mogul Era as patterned at Agra, Delhi, Jaipur. Let modern India be your host.

Send for illustrated brochures on centers of every place. Write your Travel Agent or Dept. MC

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
19 EAST 49th St. NEW YORK 17 N.Y.
MURRAY HILL 8-2245
685 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO 5 CALIF
EXBROOK 7-0066

by his heir. But quite often the farmer would simply sell out to the highest bidder and move into town.

Garigue classified St. Justin as a *farming* but not a *peasant* community. He noted that while peasant songs of France are concerned mostly with events like sowing and harvesting, the French Canadians have traditional voyaging songs like 'Youpi! Youpi! Out on the River!' patriotic songs like "Long Live the *Canadiens*!" and many like "To have a Little Drink — That's Nice!" but hardly any songs of the earth.

Nearly everyone in St. Justin had been to Montreal and some had visited other provinces or the United States, located an ancestor's birthplace in France or gone on pilgrimage to Rome. The main reason for all the travel was the number of kinfolk to visit. The retired farmer who introduced Garigue to the parish could with his wife identify 1,518 relatives, living and dead, and remember Christian names for 1,110 of them. This feat was not unusual. Most of the inhabitants kept in touch with relations all over the continent.

Fathers, though official heads of families, did not have absolute authority. Their decisions followed community standards that the women had an important—perhaps the main—part in forming. Women also had their say in the family council. The children, many used to driving tractors and other farm machinery, were unusually self reliant.

There was no single parish leader; different determined individuals often initiated actions for the community. Almost everyone was French Canadian and Roman Catholic, but the priest's authority was far from absolute. The reason there were two parish school boards was that when the priest of the day proposed opening a girls' school for the village the people of the ranges objected to sending their children so far and organized a second school board for the parish. The separation was made without great upset.

The 305 families in this supposedly insular parish had 220 subscriptions to daily papers and about 300 to the local ones. They used the latest appliances and farm equipment they could afford. Garigue inspected the old Casaubon house—quaint and still lived in because it was still good, but dwarfed by half a dozen newer buildings including a dairy barn with concrete floor and electric milkers.

Garigue could see that St. Justin had changed drastically since 1897 but the changes had been cultivated by the inhabitants, not imposed from outside. He found no reason to believe that it had once been static and had lately grown mobile. Further research in other farming communities and a study of historical records dating from New France confirmed the opinion he had acquired in St. Justin: that French Canada has always been in transition.

Quoting recent historians, Garigue points out that New France and New England were much more alike than different. New France grew from missionary and trading posts and the first settlers were mostly soldiers, mariners, civil administrators, merchants, traders and craftsmen. One in four colonists lived in Quebec City, Three Rivers or Montreal in 1754 and four thousand men, from a total 55,000 men, women and children, ranged abroad in the fur trade.

Bankruptcy after France ceded Canada to England in 1763 and pressure from the incoming New England and English merchants forced the Canadiens out of business. They turned to the land because there was nothing else to do.

"Do you mind waiting till I put the glass in?"

Shut out from commerce, they gradually forced the English off the land from sheer pressure of population. This spontaneous development was eventually seized on as a deliberate policy. French Canadians who dreamed of regaining control discovered that this was one area where they were winning.

Colonial carpetbaggers who followed the British armies, and loyalist refugees from the American Revolution seem to have first formulated the myth that the *Canadiens* were unprogressive peasants with horizons limited to their "thirty acres." It was hard to appeal to British tradition in demanding representative government without acquiring it also for the French Canadians who outnumbered them in Lower Canada. The Anglo-Canadians' ultimate excuse for trying to deny the French Canadians what they demanded for themselves was that the *habitants* were so totally different that different standards must apply to them.

Faith thicker than blood

French-Canadian political leaders had barely grasped the implications of rural fertility when they noticed it being wasted on emigration to the United States. About half a million offspring of Quebec farmers left for the New England factories in the second half of the last century. Quebec nationalists rallied this desertion. Simple faith, religious leaders affirmed, was more than Norman blood. It was the duty of a *Canadien* to think and act like one. Publicists began to hold up the image of the good French Canadian who stayed true to his simple forefathers and to the sacred soil.

French Canadians who have accepted the peasant ideal, Garigue remarks, have not been able to *be* peasants. They don't know how. The French-Canadian way of life, he points out, is a variation on total American culture. The most remarkable thing about St. Justin is that most English-speaking Canadians, if they got to know the parish, would find it quite ordinary.

The proportion of the national wealth of Canada owned by French Canadians is about half that proportion of Canadian population. Very few are high in finance or industry. This is sometimes taken as evidence that they are unfitted by heredity and culture to cope with modern traditions.

But at least part of their lack of success is traceable to that assumption itself. There is a saying in the ranks of Quebec industry: "A French Canadian has to be twice as good as an English Canadian to get the same job."

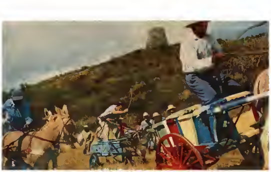
Parallel to the English fixed attitude and stemming from the same myth is a kind of French-Canadian defeatism and defensive pride. Some refer sadly to "our people" as schoolboys might to their baseball team that always loses. Their myth of the French induces as corollary a myth attributing to the English all the qualities opposed to the stereotype of themselves. They react with envy, distaste, reluctant admiration and a touch of horror to the slightly inhuman "Anglais."

The proposition that French Canada is best represented by what is most primitive is becoming hard to maintain. In 1956, 70 percent of Quebec's population lived in cities and towns of over 1,000 (compared with 67 percent for the whole of Canada). In 1950 agriculture accounted for only 10.5 percent of the net total of goods produced in Quebec, and in the last national census only 16.6 percent of gainfully employed males in Quebec were listed as farmers. Only five percent of Quebec land is judged by agronomists to be arable.

A succession of French-Canadian leaders has warned, like one prominent priest in Montreal: "Our race must be agricultural or it will not grow; it will disappear." If they are right, French Canada is giving its death rattle.

Garigue found no signs of it in St. Justin. Neither did the people display an exclusively rural mentality. They had invited the owner of a furniture factory in the province who wanted to change his site to relocate in their parish, and when he was found short of the capital they subscribed $100,000 for it. They took from the culture of the city whatever they could use, from ready-made clothing to television.

Comparing rural parishes with Montreal, Garigue discovered basically the same institutions. When he investigated the lives of fifty-two persons, most of them city bred, in forty-three Montreal households he found them coping with city routines while remaining as fundamentally French Canadian as people in St. Justin, without signs of strain. The most destructive feature that socio



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

"Giddyaps" get hee-haws in this Caribbean

Donkey Derby

1. "They aren't built for speed, but the donkeys of St. Croix in the Virgin Islands put on a race that's a sporting classic," writes Laurence Morrill, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Washington's Birthday is the date of this annual St. Croix Jockey Club meet. [illegible]

2. A bad bump sent me [illegible] my foot caught in the reins and three went the race. My sleepy donkey, named Lightning of all things, dragged me across the finish line [illegible]

3. "The silver cup went to the [illegible] whose cart had beaten a field of ten around the [illegible] course. Looking on were [illegible] who make the big annual meet, with its [illegible] and other events, a highlight of the St. Croix winter season.

4. "I won a souvenir tip [illegible] but the real pay-off came at the [illegible] Hotel when my host ordered Canadian Club. I had to go to St. Croix to see the Jockey Club but I find Canadian Club most everywhere I travel."

Why this worldwide popularity? It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club yourself and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

IN 87 LANDS ... "THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

"Canadian Club"

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF

HIRAM WALKER

AND SONS, LIMITED

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR OVER 100 YEARS

C-58-23

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY

"...the supreme test..."

Midwinter and the Lakes idle, a blue integument creeping across a thousand miles of water, the inland passage to Canada closed, the nation's economic lung choked, and in the little fresh water ports the ships tied to some friendly wharf.

Midwinter and the prairie revolving outside the train's window like a milky platter, the soil solid three feet deep, as if it could never be warmed to grow another crop.

Midwinter and the dairy cows warm in their snug barns, the beef cattle huddle behind a bluff of poplar, the shaggy range horses pawing the snow for last year's bunch grass, their owners wrapped in two suits of woollen underwear, fur coats, and leather chaps, every ranch-house stove red-hot, the washing as solid as iron on the line . . .

Midwinter—the supreme test, the economic handicap, th
extra cost and annual adventure of a northern people. Whe
the solstice is safely past, when the low-flying sun rises a
inch each day and light lasts a moment longer in the evening
the Canadian yearns for spring's release. He curses, bu
secretly he loves his winter. Without it, this would be
different nation and we would be a different people. W
might be better or worse, we might call ourselves by the sam
name, but we would not be Canadians.

(from "CANADA, TOMORROW'S GIANT
by Bruce Hutchis
Longmans, Green & Compan

publish these words because we believe they express, so vividly, ngs about our country that we Canadians, old and new, have shared. The Toronto-Dominion Bank is privileged to work Canadians in all parts of the country, in all areas of business —people whose faith in their land is helping to build the Canada we know today and the Canada we dream of in the future—"tomorrow's giant". We look forward to serving more and more of these people whose confidence in Canada knows no horizons.

THE TORONTO-DOMINION BANK

THE BANK THAT LOOKS AHEAD

see also, page 40

CANADIAN
AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHERS!

THE BANK
invites all CANADIAN
AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHERS
to enter its
"CANADA
IN PICTURES"
CONTEST
and share in
more than
$7,000 *in Prizes*

This is one of a series of advertisements to appear in this magazine depicting the Face of Canada as described in the words of Bruce Hutchison. We invite you to submit your photographic interpretation in colour, of the passages used in any of these advertisements. Entry forms and Contest Rules are available from your nearest branch of The Toronto-Dominion Bank.

THE
TORONTO-DOMINION
BANK
THE BANK THAT LOOKS AHEAD
H-4991

Quebec politics are largely a family affair. "My cousin, right or wrong," is the policy

scientists have observed in modern super cities comes from isolation and anonymity producing a sense of being orphaned in random conjunction with other people and interchangeable—even sometimes in intimate associations like marriage. The Montreal French Canadians in Garigue's survey seem to suffer less than most urban dwellers from this.

What gave them their strongest sense of identity was their kinship system. One fairly typical man of thirty-two had seen 115 blood relations and in-laws during the past year and heard from another fifty-seven. He met more than forty every month. The people in Garigue's survey saw most often the relatives they liked best, not necessarily the closest in relationship or geography. They met practically every week and counted on each other's help in emergencies. "French Canadians are not joiners," Garigue remarks. "They don't need to be."

Extending his research in the summer of 1957 Garigue went north and lived in a men's dormitory at Schefferville, a new company town of more than three thousand in the Ungava iron region. It was a town with no past, a collection of strangers brought together by the company for their special skills. It was geographically isolated, and its inhabitants were cut off in separate buildings by the cold and by storms and often Garigue found psychologically isolated—that is, bushed. About three fifths were French Canadians, another fifth English-speaking native North Americans, the other fifth immigrants from Europe.

Surprisingly, the traditionally home-loving French Canadians seemed to stand conditions best. Garigue found them adapting in this strange context the institutions he had observed in Montreal and St. Justin—they brought in their families when they could, went to church, formed work associations and soon were visiting relations. Even detached in space from the web of kinship they had a sense of permanence in the continent that carried over into their isolation. Where often the English North Americans and the Europeans worked through their stretch up north in a kind of vacuum, French Canadians proceeded to make a home out of available materials.

Garigue has concluded that the forces of disintegration affecting French Canada are being countered by ancient forces of re-integration. He finds it hard to define just what these forces are or exactly what French Canadians are. But to clear away misconceptions, to establish what they are not, he believes is a beginning.

They are not a "race." Virtually all have graftings of other stock on their French family trees. Many have Scottish, Irish and even English, names. About one in four marries outside the group. Some know hardly enough French to ask for the peas at their meals. About three percent of them in Quebec are resolute Protestants. Quebec is not synonymous with French Canada although about eighty-two percent of the more than four million Canadians who call French their mother tongue live there. Maritime and Manitoba French have their own distinct features. Many French-speaking descendants of New France live in the United States. Garigue cuts through this tangle by defining as a French Canadian anyone who claims to be one.

"The French Canadians are a group into which one can be either born or married. It is a mixture of blood relationship and allegiance. Today in French Canada, according to Garigue, every institution has its kinship dimension."

Most French Canadians have some near relative in the Roman Catholic church. It permeates the community—and influence flows both ways. Complexities within the church are related to complexities throughout French Canada.

Politics in Quebec are unpredictable partly because they are so much a family affair with loyalty counting more than issues. "My cousin, right or wrong" is a continuing policy that does not always produce the best government but apparently has its own special satisfactions.

Maintaining the web of kinship ties is the women's business, Garigue notes. While a woman's legal status is subordinate her role as a mother or wife or sister makes her the focus of most of the emotional life. Feminists outside Quebec and a few inside rage over their sex's legal position in that province but most Quebec women seem to have the kind of power they want. The cohesion of French Canada since the Cession may be mainly an achievement of women.

The keystone of nationalist Quebec strategy for over a century has been "*La revanche des berceaux*"—translatable as rather "the return match" than "the revenge" of the cradle. This is certainly a female idea of a contest. The notion of "return match" in procreation and the related family size are estimated to have a profound effect on the French Canadian emotional pattern.

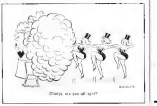
Social workers and psychiatrists invoke "rejection by the mother" to explain much emotional disturbance in North America. The baby born to a household where "*la revanche*" adds a sporting interest in the event is likely to be met with enthusiasm not only from its parents but from a goodly number of predecessors in that cradle. Besides that the large family lightens the emotional load on its members. The mother who concentrates all her affection on one child or two will tend to expect comparable intensity in return. "Momism" is the nemesis of the small planned family.

The ample French-Canadian family can be expected to make for easy social development, yet associated with the emotional security may be chronic economic and political frustration. The many children are an economic drawback in slums. And individuals may need an interior disturbance — something biting them — to develop a sustained drive for material success.

Sociologists are uneasy to predict what effect success in big business might have on French Canada. Anyone getting high in big business is inevitably involved in the financial complex of the whole continent—and English is the language of big business in Quebec as in Ontario or New York. From one third to a half of French Canadians already know English. When English is a practical necessity and French a luxury French could become redundant. Survival of a distinctly *Canadien* culture depends finally on the value that French Canadians place on it. They will have to want to be whatever they define as French Canadian.

Professor Garigue thinks French Canadians neither have to try to copy English-American industrial society nor to retreat from it. He sees in the University of Montreal one practical effort to shape their own future. The scientific, technical and commercial faculties, areas once left to the "Anglos," are booming—the engineering section already the largest in Canada. In the social sciences faculty the staff is being increased to anticipate a rise in enrolment to five hundred from the present two hundred. That he, with an outsider's perspective, was called to direct it he considers a sign that young French Canadians want to dispense with the familiar myths. A major aim of the Faculty is to help them develop a realistic view of themselves to build the future on without breaking with the past.

A significant group of angry young men in the province hold that French Canada must break with the past to share in the social and economic advances on this continent and they assert that Garigue's emphasis on the resources in their tradition only bolsters the existing status quo. Garigue says he is not at the university to sell a new thesis about French Canada or to change Quebec, only to help students organize their own inquiry, make their own changes. When he urges critical appraisal of other viewpoints he expects his own to get the same treatment. He has found plenty of disagreement, what he has not seen around him is inertia. "The University of Montreal is willingly and purposefully cultivating change," Professor Garigue affirms, "and that is in the tradition—the real tradition—of French Canada." ★



Gladys, are you all right?

Lotus blossoms in your whisky?

Some people choose a particular brand of Whisky because they find it suits their taste. That's why you'll like Golden Velvet.

You don't have to dress in a cummerbund and lean against a mantelpiece shoot an Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas nor be seen in a snorkel in Ceylon, to enjoy it.

"Golden Velvet" is not yet the largest selling brand in the world. Matter of fact, it's in short supply, which is why we use gentle hints instead of ADVERTISING. There just isn't enough Golden Velvet yet matured. But it's coming. We have barrels full slumbering away.

We are not allowed to mention price but we think you will be delighted when you ask at your liquor store.

"Golden Velvet" does not come in a decanter or a bag or a box. It comes in a bottle with a little label that looks like this.

GOLDEN VELVET
GILBEY'S
FINEST CANADIAN
WHISKY

JUST
ARRIVED
AT
TIP
TOP

The new fabrics for Spring '59. Specially imported from the world's finest mills, this is the best collection in our entire 50 year history. See and feel the superb all-wool worsteds, flannels, twists, tweeds and venetians. You will agree that in this "banner year" TIP TOP again sets a new standard of excellence, a new measure of value.

TIP TOP Clothes
TAILORED TO MEASURE
ONE PRICE $65

TIP
TOP
tailors

CELEBRATING 50 YEARS
OF SERVICE TO CANADIANS

Golden Jubilee

STORES AND DEALERS TO SERVE YOU FROM COAST TO COAST

Eat fat and grow slim

continued from page 21

"Day by day the lack of proof is beating down the fanatics' charges against cholesterol"

fat is not really a story of this century. In 1862 an experienced medical man in Britain, a surgeon by the name of Harvey, put a worried heavyweight patient on such a diet. The patient, William Banting, had tried everything. He was at his wit's end. The diet worked. So well in fact that Banting wrote and published at his own expense a pamphlet called Letter on Corpulence in 1864. The result was rather upsetting, since the diet was diametrically opposed to the prevailing theories of the day. This was the kiss of death for surgeon Harvey and his medical practice was so severely threatened he had to weasel out of responsibility for the diet to stay in the sawbones business.

But Banting, who had lost fifty pounds in less than a year, taken twelve inches off his waist and ordered a whole new wardrobe of suits, just kept right on eating fat and loving it. He peeled himself down to a neat hundred and fifty-six pounds and lived with zest to the age of eighty-one, urging others to follow him to his happy dieting. Only his published pamphlet and some complimentary letters he received and later published remain today to remind us that we might have been getting back on the right eating track a century ago.

As a surgeon myself I'm not trying to outdo the timid Dr. Harvey of 1862. In fact I have no elaborate theories backed up by large-scale practical studies of my own.

Actually, of course, practically nothing is known accurately about high-fat diets. They are new to mankind in the period during which he has kept records of his knowledge. This being so, how can they be criticized authoritatively? We all like to taste profundities—whether or not we have the facts—which entitles pro-fat people to at least as intelligent a hearing as the anti-fat lobby.

Kill the fatted cattle

On that basis I seriously wag a finger under the noses of those who still maintain that fatties should shun fat and I strongly suggest that their lack of authenticated data is no basis for driving millions of worried overweights into an even more worried state by starving them.

And I do say that it seems ridiculous to see our Western Canadian beef-cattle men trying to grow leaner and leaner steers at a time when the world is beginning to wake up about fat-eating.

About this point some voice at the back of the hall is going to holler "What about cholesterol?" Glad you brought it up. Cholesterol has been the villain of the piece for a good many years now. Let's take a look behind his false mustache.

Cholesterol is a fat-like substance that has people scared silly. In the nonprofessional version of the crime it is supposed to settle out of the fat in the blood stream, coat the insides of the blood vessels and eventually block them. Presto: heart attack. Coronary.

This is not a technical paper so I won't go into the details of the battle that has been going on among the experts, but day by day the lack of proof is beating down the charge against cholesterol. The fanatics who have warned against it for years are one by one slipping discreetly off the band wagon. The latest surrender was the panel discussion of a New York medical meeting that came up with the consensus: no factual proof that high blood cholesterol level hastens the onset of arteriosclerosis (that clogging hardening of the arteries) and blood cholesterol level is of doubtful value in diagnosing heart disease. Spokesman for the panel was Dr. Charles F. Wilkinson Jr., of New York.

If you want a simple picture, look at the few remaining primitive Eskimos. They eat fats (both saturated and unsaturated, to use medical distinctions); they eat blubber and oil all the time. Never a chip of Melba toast. Never a bit of lettuce or cottage cheese. Yet these folk have never heard of heart disease. They are strangers to diabetes and cancer too. They have no ulcers or anxiety states. True, they tend to die younger than we do, but the answer is simple: starvation, pneumonia and a lack of antibiotics.

Oh yes, say the skeptics, but Eskimos need fat. They live in such a cold climate. If you have ever lived inside an igloo where people regularly peel to the waist, or worked strenuously for a while in a wind-shielding Eskimo parka outfit, you will maintain that they spend most of their lives with their bodies surrounded by a tropical atmosphere. And in the tropics, of course, people love to eat fat, if they can get it. For instance, "cracklings" are sold like candy in many places.

It was Eskimos that first got me looking into this fat business. I have been fortunate enough to make some eighteen trips into the northland. They have been wonderfully instructive trips. While my principal medical studies of Eskimos were in connection with breast cancer (I found none) I could not help but notice what a placid and cheerful lot of people they were and generally healthy. Eskimos in the raw, that is. Those converted to the white man's ways and his eating habits soon start picking up his civilized diseases.

The principal difference between the Eskimos out on the ice and those in the white man's care was one of diet. It was worth looking at carefully and it led to some big question marks about fat-eating, cholesterol and all those definite dietary rules and regulations that "everyone knows are true."

It also led me to Stefansson, a man who had lived with Eskimos for years at a stretch, survived on fat and blubber, returned to civilization and undergone an elaborate year-long controlled diet experiment (then in New York's Bellevue Hospital) and had written several books on the subject, perhaps the best of them The Fat of The Land.

Keeping in touch with Stefansson is exciting in itself. He is nearing eighty years of age and his letters are long and exhilarating. The meat-and-fat diet, he explains, makes you mildly hilarious and certainly garrulous. It makes you cheerful and confident in the face of disbelief and sneering criticism. In general it makes you cheerful all the time.

Ever notice that people who avoid meat tend to be quarrelsome? Some of the most rabid of the religious sects are devoted vegetarians.

Dr. Mackarness sums it up tersely: Cain the farmer and vegetarian killed Abel the hunter. Masai meat-and-fat eating herdsmen and hunters in Africa are slim, healthy and get along with people while their neighboring Kikuyu live on cereals, are fear-ridden and took up such fanatical sects as the Mau Mau. He claims too that almost all British embezzlers are fat, but admits that might be a sign of success in their business.

And what is this diet?

First let us get rid of the word diet. Diets are difficult things and no one likes them. Just set about to change your eating habits a bit. If you can make this psychological switch you'll not only find the going easier and more fun but you'll be less likely to be champing at the bit to get to the end of the diet. In fact, if you eat fat and scorn carbohydrates for an honest month you will forget about going back to former eating habits.

This is one of the strange and satisfying things about the process. While most diets are disheartening things in the forced limitations which they place on your variety of food, this method for some as yet unaccounted reason *actually* leaves you *contented* with the foods that you do eat. You lose that yearning for a heaping plate of spaghetti or a double-dip banana split.

And you'll never feel those dreadful hunger pangs that seem to be with you through all your former dieting days. The body appears to burn fat at a slower rate than it burns the carbohydrates. Your food intake lasts longer and while you are ready for the next meal when it comes around, you don't have those ravenous periods of starving yourself into thinness.

Want another wonderful bit of news? You can stop counting calories.

Eating fat acts on the metabolism of the body to produce better combustion or burning up of the food you do eat. It speeds up the process. So throw away

What makes
Labatt's Pilsener
Lager Beer
so refreshingly
different?

It's that
Pilsen flavour!

...created by European master brewers in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, the birthplace of lager beer, and re-created in Canada by Labatt's from the original Pilsen recipe using yeast flown from Europe. Labatt's Pilsener... the only Canadian lager that gives you both lightness and flavour . . . so refreshingly different

Anytime's a good time with

Labatt's PILSENER
LAGER BEER

Changing your address?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance, otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:
Subscription Dept.,
Maclean's Magazine
481 University Ave.,
Toronto 2, Ontario

P.S. Your postmaster also needs your new address. Fill out a Post Office change-of-address card.

From DTC the Right Product
—at the Right Time

Dominion Tar & Chemical's products are so varied and wide-spread that it is not unusual that you should meet every day of the week. Here salt from Sifto Salt Limited makes winter roads *safe* for driving while along the same road creosoted poles and posts from Canada Creosoting are used to build fence, farm structures and to carry power and communication lines. Bricks for building ... paper for printing ... these and many other products are supplied by DTC subsidiaries. **ANSWERING THE CHALLENGE** of supplying the right product at the right time is a prime aim of DTC and its operating subsidiaries. These subsidiaries are continually solving problems—supplying new answers, new products for home, farm and industry. The result? A widely diversified list of products that benefits everyone — customers, shareholders and employees.

SIPOREX Limited
Precast Haydite Limited
NO-CO-RODE Company Limited
Murray Brantford Limited
Sifto Salt Limited

DOMINION TAR
& CHEMICAL
COMPANY, LIMITED

Javex Company Limited
Howard Smith Paper Mills Limited
Canada Creosoting Company Limited
Cooksville-Laprairie Brick Limited
Chemical Developments of Canada Limited

your calorie book and have a good time.

Now for some of the things to eat:

Meat: all kinds of meat. And the fatter the better. Eat the fat and enjoy it. If you don't enjoy it at first, remember you have been brainwashed against it, so keep trying and in a few weeks you will find that a big lump of fat or a big chunk of butter is like candy to you. Bacon in the morning? Sure. Lots of it. And have your eggs fried in fat too. Avoid the toast, of course, but take cream in your coffee if you like it. And if you prefer your coffee black, drink a glass of milk or cream on the side as well as your coffee.

There must be hundreds of different types of cheeses. Eat them all and keep trying new varieties. You will find some new eating excitement this way.

Plenty of butter. Put it on anything you happen to be eating: corned beef, salmon, steak or cheese; make sure you have plenty of butter with it.

Oils of all kinds are fine; mayonnaise is wonderful. Peanuts and peanut butter are good (mix a few raisins with the peanuts for variety now and then if you want to).

It is all right to eat non-starchy vegetables, especially if you are not trying desperately to loose a great deal of weight. But even then use them as carriers for butter. You'll get all the vitamins you need in your fresh meat.

Fish is fine. All kinds of it. And fowl.

Now the taboos (of course, the new cult has its own set). Simply said—no starches, no sugars. Pastry, bread, rice, spaghetti, cakes, cookies—anything made with flour is out. Potatoes and corn are starchy. Beans too. If you are trying to avoid carbohydrates to lose weight, skip these things entirely. If you are just controlling your diet moderately, take them in very small servings and balance them with a high intake of fat which will speed up your metabolism and help burn the carbohydrates off. But small quantities, remember. And eat plenty of fat with them.

Candy and sugar are, of course, on the bad list. Most soft drinks are loaded with sugar. Hard liquor, strange to say, is not too bad in this direction. It is a fat solvent and seems to metabolize in the breakdown system. However, it might spark the appetite beyond the body's immediate needs. In any event you don't need to be a teetotaler. Wines, particularly dry wines, can be used in moderate quantities. But avoid beer with its high carbohydrate if you would be trim.

If the list of "don'ts" upsets you, consider the following:

1. This course should only interest you if you are trying to get yourself out of an overweight condition which is likely dangerous (statistics do prove that the fat die younger than the thin).
2. You can have fun experimenting with meats, fats, cheeses and permissible things.
3. After you have been at it a while you'll forget about those urges for sweets.
4. You are likely going to cheat anyway so just remember to keep a close check on the cheating.

Don't let your cheating get to be regular. And if you want to cheat try something like ice cream. There is not a great deal of sugar in it, the cream or milk is good for you and if you can get home-made ice cream you'll avoid the thickening agent which is likely starchy. You might even find some small manufacturer using eggs to thicken his "home-made" ice cream. Wonderful.

5. You know you are supposed to avoid salt. If you eat fat you will discover that you automatically and unconsciously reduce your salt intake. No pain, no annoyance, no will power. First thing you know you will find yourself eating eggs without any salt on them. And enjoying them more than ever.
6. Fruits, particularly fresh fruits, will bring you joy. But please look at that message on the label of the canned stuff. It says "thirty-five percent sugar added" or some such figure.

One more question may be on your mind: How will my liver take all this? Well, I watched one fat-eater who was stricken with an attack of acute hepatitis, one of the most severe infections the liver can contract. He refused the urging of his doctors to give up his fat eating and give your liver a rest. He recovered faster than normal and with no bad results. And he's still at it.

Other doctors, incidentally, are at work today on a theory that eating fat will help reduce danger of gallstones. For instance, gallstones can be created in some animals by withdrawal of fat from their diet.

Like any non-technical paper this in part is cursory and deals largely in generalities. Specific differences vary from one human being to another and common sense in these matters is generally an uncommon. Naturally it is well to discuss these ideas with your own doctor before you make any major change in any of your life habits, including eating. If he warns you against fat, make sure it is not solely to give fashionable advice strictly in line with current trends. He may have a good reason. If not, you could well be suffering unnecessary food deprivals and may be missing out on a lot of good eating. ★

Best antidote for post Christmas headache—a BNS Christmas Gift Account

Guess who wishes he'd opened a BNS Christmas Gift Account last year?

There's nothing like a thick layer of bills to smother post-Christmas joy! Yet it's one money worry that's easily avoided. How? . . . by opening a Christmas Gift Account at The Bank of Nova Scotia now.

The earlier you start, the more you'll have on hand come Christmas . . . so, visit your nearest BNS branch and open a 1959 Christmas Gift Account now!

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

More than 500 branches across Canada and in London • New York • Jamaica • Cuba • Puerto Rico
Dominican Republic • Bahamas • Trinidad • Barbados. Correspondents the world over

For the sake of argument

continued from page 8

"Drinking with ceremony and taste is a many splendored thing"

my grandfather. Dad. My grandfather rose without touching his drink and said "Bring me my coat." Then we left the pub never to return. Three other men, all strangers to us, walked out in sympathy.

I bring up these points not as a springboard for still another eulogy of ye olde English inn but as an indication of my biased Old Country background and as support for my unshakable theory that drinking with courtesy, ceremony and taste is a many splendored thing.

I am assured by elderly native Canadians that there was a time in this country when a man might find in his local tavern the same high standards of hospitality that prevail in the English pubs. But during my eleven years in Canada I've become convinced that outside the home and a handful of expensive hotels public drinking rates on about the same plane of dignity and *joie de vivre* as public hangings.

All hail the waiter!

From coast to coast the Canadian beer parlor has uniform characteristics. My standing impression is of a cross between a public washroom and the reading room of an old-fashioned poor house. The bare floors are soaked in odiferous spills. The bleak grubby walls resemble those of an ancient hand laundry. And too often there stands on the bar a hideous jar of bluish white pickled eggs, bringing to mind the spawn of some gigantic primeval reptile. Most of the cheap tin tables are islands of misery occupied by one silent boozer. Here and there men sit in twos muttering, or in fours and fives shouting above the perpetual racket of the television set. But these scenes of companionship are so few that they merely serve to emphasize the loneliness of the solitary customers.

The whole place seems to cringe and yelp and grovel before the waiters. These burly churls in their shiny black pants, smelly nylon shirts and grubby bow ties, finger their coin changers in the manner of prison guards fondling pistol butts and hand out beer with the lordly air of trusties serving soup in Belsen. They somehow remind me of Marshal Tito. In the lumpish face of the characteristic beer parlor waiter there is the same sneer of power. Because most of the customers are too misguidedly democratic to treat a waiter as a servant they are rewarded with tyranny.

Ashamed of his job, and too dull to realize it should be an art, the beer parlor waiter bolsters his uneasy ego with arrogance. He knows that there are few other beer parlors in town or in his part of town and that the patrons are heavily dependent upon him for their fleeting moments of euphoria. So he serves beer as if it were liquid manna. I suspect that many beer-parlor waiters give their customers an occasional cuff over the ear and get away with it.

Once in British Columbia I went into a far corner of a very long beer parlor well away from the other customers whose frowsy appearance disgusted me. At the other end of the room the waiter stared at me balefully. I returned that stare as icily as I could for I had been through this sort of thing many times before. Finally the waiter raised one forefinger interrogatively. I shook my head, meaning that I did not want one glass of draught. Then he raised two fingers. And I shook my head again, meaning I did not want two glasses of draught. At last he shouted "Whaddya want?" I shouted back "I want your name, your full name." He blanched and almost dropped his tray. He came scuttling over to me, anxiety lining his loutish features. "Whaffor?" he asked in a low, apprehensive voice.

This was the moment at which I had hoped to prick the great balloon of his self esteem. "I want your name," I said, "because I intend to report you to the Liquor Control Board for failing to observe standards of service required by law." Instead of collapsing him, my words merely re-inflated him. He seemed to swell up to the size of a Kodiak bear. "Oh those rules," he said. Then he looked at me appraisingly. "Listen, Mac," he said. "If you don't see good without your glasses, take 'em off. Take off before I bounces you."

I withdrew in sadness, but I consoled

Portrait of a talented young lady

Perfectly at home in the North Atlantic or any sea around the world
Lavish in her array of good food and the vintage wines that go with it
Versatile in the world of sports and the art of navigation
The season's catch for her wealth of beauty, charm and grace.
A lady you will respect for her disciplined upbringing,
her devotion to centuries of family tradition
Her inimitable ability to make you feel immediately at home on the sea.
A delightful, an incomparable companion for a cruise or a crossing

Ask your TRAVEL AGENT about the superb Holland-America transatlantic service to Ireland, England, France and Holland—as well as luxury cruises in all seasons.

It's good to be on a well run ship!

Holland-America Line
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

The Line of the famous luxury liner NIEUW AMSTERDAM, the new, deluxe STATENDAM
The comfort-and-economy liners RYNDAM and MAASDAM, the twin motor ships WESTERDAM and NOORDAM, and coming soon, the new flagship ROTTERDAM.

myself with the thought that the waiters don't deserve all the blame for the deplorable condition of our beer parlors.

Most of the blame belongs to those small hoteliers who buy and sell beer parlors as some men buy and sell used cars. Just as the auto-lot smarties think only in terms of a car's year and make, so do the hoteliers think only in terms of a hostelry's annual gallonage. I am told you can estimate the price of any typical small-town hotel to within a thousand dollars by the volume of its beer parlor sales. The brickwork, the fittings, the locale: all these things mean practically nothing. The only question that counts is, "How much do the suckers guzzle?"

Unlike the English landlord, who is rarely away from the bar during opening hours, the entrepreneurs of Canadian drinking establishments rarely show their faces. When they do they come into the parlor smoking a big cigar and wearing a flashy suit. They strut around briefly like the orderly sergeant in the mess hall of an army detention barracks. And clearly they enjoy the envious glances of their more impecunious customers. I always feel that they've just come from a great afternoon in a bookmaking joint and are about to depart for the residence of some unwholesome blonde.

Eventually I suppose they trade their beer parlors in on cocktail lounges whose tawdry furnishings and decor shriek almost invariably of the same level of taste. Why these places have to be so dark I don't know but I suspect it is because the owners ascribe to the customers their own code of morals. They assume that anybody out drinking in such places must be with somebody else's wife and in need of cover. I also suspect that the greeny-golden murk which resembles that of an indoor swimming pool on a wet winter's night conceals a lot of dust and many dried dabs of chewing gum and so saves much cash in cleaners' wages.

Threading about these bedizened caverns in little monkey jackets and Peruvian [illegible] pants are some of the most morose waiters I've ever seen west of Suez. They are nearly all young, these curly-mopped, oily-eyed Valentinos, and they wear the tough, taciturn, knowing expression of the old-fashioned mobster or of the men who hand out the kewpie dolls on a carnival midway. Some of these expressions appear to conceal a fundamentally [illegible] character. Others seem to arise from a compulsion to inform the customer that "I'm as good as you are, Jack."

There is a particularly odious example of these pretentious minions in a certain Toronto cocktail lounge which employs so much red neon that it reminds me of Dante's Inferno. The other day when two friends of mine were having a drink in this hellish bailiwick the barman leaned on his elbows confidentially before them and tried, without a hint of shame or apology, to listen in. When they stopped talking in amazement he said, "Go on, I want to hear the end of this."

The conditions I have described are the inevitable outcome of a licensing policy that was born of a sense of guilt. Ever since the repeal of prohibition our provincial politicians have been inhibited by the wailing and hand-wringing of the drys, a highly organized bunch of bigots and busybodies who set themselves up as arbiters of culture, morals and public health.

While they count the votes of the drys the provincial politicians or their agents, for reasons best known to themselves, have granted licenses to many thriving haunts which are notoriously little better than brothels. Thus the politicians are guilty of wooing virtue while encouraging sin. Their vacillation between the demands of the drys and the taxes from the wets has resulted in a mass of confused legislation and hedged our public houses about with a thicket of barbarous restrictions. The most widespread and hidebound of public-house decrees is that a man shall not stand up to drink. Thus no lone patron of a Canadian public house can pass the time of day with a second lone customer unless each is prepared to ogle the other along the length of a bar or across a barrier of tables and by a sort of unspoken mutual consent, bring about a decision to sit together.

This no-standing rule robs the Canadian public house of the most vital element in the sturdy character of the English public house—its clubbiness. Through their freedom to wander about glass in hand the English drinkers are able to rub shoulders with strangers, and find themselves congenial company. Eventually birds of a feather are brought together and every man finds his favorite pub where he knows he can pass a pleasant lunch or cocktail hour. In the whole of Canada I know of only two pubs wherein I can count on meeting an acquaintance. One of them is the Piccadilly Room of the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal and the other is Malloney's in Toronto. These are among a handful of places at which, through some special dispensation or other, there is a stand-up bar and a crowd of temperate kindred souls who've been frequenting it for years.

Because of the no-standing rule and many other ridiculous licensing laws, no dedicated English or Western European landlord would dream of opening a public house in Canada. He knows that under existing conditions it is impossible to win a special type of patronage and build up a place of distinction.

Having grown up with a guilt complex about drinking, many respectable Canadians hesitate to enter the public-house business. They fear what their friends might say about them. For some fantastic reason it is socially acceptable to make the stuff, but it is disreputable to dish it out.

So the business is left to vulgarians, shady types and fast-buck artists whose only aspiration is to empty as quickly as possible the pockets of the dumb and dismal transients.

Still flourishing in this business is that sleazy creature the bootlegger, who works in cahoots with venal taxi-drivers, bellhops, policemen and politicians. His survival in this day and age is a howling scandal and a blot upon the personal honor of every politician elected to his provincial parliament.

The absurd regulations which govern the purchase of liquor by the bottle for home consumption are so harrowing to the man who mows his lawn and pays his gas bills that I shall not even discuss them here.

This situation can be rectified only if drinkers of good reputation band together and form a nation-wide organization under some such name as the Canadian Society For The Advancement Of The Salubrious Public House. Its central policy would be the reform of existing premises and establishment of many more.

Its agents would visit public houses and complain to authorities when they found landlords who serve substandard drinks, keep dirty premises, employ impudent staffs and admit patently undesirable patrons.

Fearlessly and candidly the society would announce that it is interested in an enormous increase in outlets for the consumer benefits that stem from competition and would give battle to the drys in every county where a local option issue is fought by plebiscite. One of its campaign demands would be the establishment of neighborhood cocktail lounges in respectable suburbs so that men and their wives, seeking a change from television and home surroundings, could enjoy a quiet drink with friends and acquaintances just around the corner.

In the matter of public education the society would point out that the number of people who drink themselves to death is greatly exceeded by the number of people who eat themselves to death and that both numbers are exceeded by those who are nagged to death by the self-appointed watchdogs of public behavior.

I am certain that the work of such a society would prove to our timid provincial politicians that the drys are few in numbers, advanced in years, deficient in achievement and, outside their own bickering clan, bereft of real influence and respect.

Drinking customs in Canada are held up to contempt and laughter by visitors from nearly every other country of the Western world. They survive largely because the elected representatives of the people fear the drys. How much longer, O Lord, are they going to cower before a wraith? ★

We asked . . .

"Should we tell the facts of life to children before they start school?"

They answered . . .

Dr. Daniel Cappon, University of Toronto research psychiatrist—

The facts of life are four:

1. The nature of the difference between a boy and a girl
2. Where babies come from.
3. How they get there
4. The nature of physical changes in puberty

Before five or six years the child is ready for only the first of these facts to become clear, be made explicit, though he has some general sexual awareness. However children vary in the timing of their needs. The only way to be relatively sure one is not taxing their resources by premature explicitness is to tell them when they ask and when they *seem* to want to *really* know.

Dr S. R. Laycock, consultant for the Canadian Mental Health Association—As soon as a young son goes out to play he receives from his playmates some kind of sex information or more likely misinformation. Parents should answer the child's questions about birth or they may initiate such a discussion. However, more fundamental is the parents' provision of a home where the child feels loved and treasured, where he sees a good husband-wife relationship in which *feelings* about sex are wholesome.

Deryck Thomson, executive director of the Family Service Agency, Vancouver, B.C.—Children should always be given factual answers in terms they can comprehend. Evasion will merely whet childish curiosity and by no means deter the child from seeking the information elsewhere. If this is sufficiently distorted and inaccurate an unhealthy attitude can develop toward sex. This presumes that parents are equipped to do the job and will not insult the child's intelligence with tales of storks, bees and bushes. Such an approach shakes a child's trust in his parents until even the truth is suspect.

A five-dollar bill goes to Mrs. Henri Rodier, Zenon Park, Sask., for submitting this question. Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay $5 for each question accepted.

The Aristocrat of Beauty Soaps
Delicately Scented with Imported Perfume
Pink Cashmere Bouquet
Yellow Cashmere Bouquet
Aqua Cashmere Bouquet
like stepping out of a bouquet

Dawn Pink, Yellow, Aqua and Dainty White . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap with cold cream promises a delicate perfume that enfolds you, while it cleans your skin and creams it too . . . gives you that cared-for look. All this and so much more in every precious cake of wonderful All New Cashmere Bouquet, the Aristocrat of Beauty Soaps.

If you are a woman and you care
Cashmere Bouquet
BEAUTY SOAP
Cleans your Skin ...and Creams it too

LOW COST
TOURS OF
IRELAND!

All Inclusive
Hotels, Meals, Even Tips!
6 7 8 9 and 12 DAYS
FOR ABOUT $10 PER DAY
[illegible]
"SUPER DE LUXE" 6 DAY TOUR
$101.50 VISITING KILLARNEY, RING OF KERRY, SLIGO, GLENDALOUGH
MANY TIMES WEEKLY
[illegible]
YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
IRISH RAILWAYS
CORAS IOMPAIR EIREANN Ireland's Transport Company

SPRAY AWAY BATHROOM ODOURS

Double Action Spray Fights Germ Danger Too! Fragrant Wizard Deodorizer kills all household smells fast · helps protect health when used as directed. Pine Scent or Spring Bouquet.

WIZARD PUSH-BUTTON DEODORIZER

FALSE TEETH
That Loosen
Need Not Embarrass

[illegible] FASTEETH [illegible]

STOKES Quality GARDEN SEEDS
NEW, IMPROVED VARIETIES
Write to-day for STOKES latest catalogue.
[illegible]
STOKES SEEDS LTD.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT. CAN.

How to get your boss's job

Continued from page 17

more likely to succeed than the staid company listener who expects automatic rewards for his loyalty. You must be as bold and calculating in deciding your personal objectives as is your company in setting sales targets.

- You're not eliminated from executive office by not having a university education although a degree has become a minimum requirement for mounting the first rung of most management ladders. But it is good judgment not knowledge that puts a man on top. You should try to know at least one industry intimately. A thorough understanding of the stock market is almost obligatory in business; a good golf game is not essential.
- It's a liability if you're a teetotaler but so are over-dressing, driving a flashy car and living in a neighborhood beyond the reach of your pay cheque. Your accomplishments are more important than your appearance.
- When you become an executive—even at the lowest level—you must be able to delegate authority and constantly remain hospitable to the opinions of your subordinates. Your language must be tailored to fit each situation so that you're equally effective defending your ideas to the directors or exchanging quips with the elevator operator. You can't become a good executive if you're not a good listener—especially when ambitious subordinates are talking.

Routes to the top diverge widely but in general as a junior executive you'll be charged with relaying the decisions of others and showing in a limited way how they can be made effective. On the intermediate level you'll have surprisingly heavy policy-setting powers, but will remain subject to higher veto. At or near the top you'll be in the most rewarding—but also the most vulnerable—position.

Fear of this vulnerability at the summit is one of the reasons you may eventually find yourself among the majority of competent executives who are satisfied to remain at middle tiers of responsibility. "A great many businessmen," says Dr. E. C. Webster, director of the department of psychology at McGill University, "just aren't willing to pay the ultimate price in terms of physical and mental energy output." To get to the top, the psychologists emphasize, you must have an inexpressible itch for assuming more leadership and more authority, not just a vague desire for more prestige and more money. "To become a successful executive," says Herbert Lank, the president of the Du Pont Company of Canada, "you must be willing to live dangerously—to sit on the edge of your chair all the time, for that's what you'll have to do."

Executives admit reluctantly that luck—the element of being in the right place at the right time—is often a major influence in determining who gets a promotion. You can have two people with equal ability doing the same job. But the one who meets the president on the elevator once a week has a much better chance for promotion than the fellow out in the field. "There's no point being a hero in Yellowknife," claims Neil Macdougall, head of the Technical Service Council, which picks engineering executives for Canadian industry.

"It's just a case of endocrine glands, that's all," insists James Muir, president of the Royal Bank of Canada. "If you're born with endocrine glands of a certain nature there's nothing you can do to satisfy yourself until you get to the top." Muir, who now manages a staff of fifteen thousand and bank assets worth more than four billion dollars, was so anxious to begin his own banking career that he joined the Peebles branch of the Commercial Bank of Scotland as a clerk exactly one hour after graduating from high school on July 17, 1907. "There were several boys who wanted the opportunity, so I didn't take any time for lunch that day," he recalls.

Muir is convinced that executive positions are much more freely attainable in Canada than south of the border. "In Canada," he says, "success stays closer to the talent and industry of the individual. In the States, it often is a case of internal politics and special privilege." Yet the odds faced by the Canadian youngster determined eventually to rise to command the assets of a major business concern in this country are very long indeed. Fewer than three thousand of Canada's sixty thousand incorporated businesses have assets of more than half a million dollars. More than half of Canada's large manufacturing firms (and even higher proportions in groups like mining and petroleum) are owned in the U.S. A recent study by the Empire Trust Company of New York showed that fifty percent of the U.S. subsidiaries in this country have American presidents. That leaves just over two thousand major domestic company presidencies potentially available for Canada's bright young businessmen.

Opportunities in the middle echelons of course are much greater but according to Department of National Revenue statistics only thirty-two thousand Canadian executives have taxable incomes of more than fifteen thousand dollars a year. The top salaries are enjoyed by a relatively small elite. A recent survey by The Financial Post set the average age of Canadian corporation presidents at 57.9.

Young men and women starting out their business careers can profitably study such statistics to determine which industries within their personal aptitudes offer the highest wages but their main concern should be the proper basic preparation for executive greatness. Although fewer than half of Canada's present company heads are university graduates, post-high-school training is becoming a prerequisite for advancement even at the lowest executive levels. Educators and businessmen, however, are sharply spl

Can psychological tests discover executive ability?

More and more Canadian business firms are insisting that employees take a battery of psychological tests before they're considered for promotion — even, in more cases, before they're hired at all. No combination of these tests is regarded as infallible because no two psychologists can agree exactly on the personality ingredients that make a man a good manager.

Why should a candidate for a thirty-thousand-a-year job as comptroller of a huge industrial complex be asked to prove his qualifications by writing an examination on the words he associates with "mother"? Because the psychologists maintain his answers will bring to the surface faults and strengths not otherwise identifiable. The five hundred tests now on the market range in scope from simple true-and-false questionnaires to assembling building blocks and writing essays about drawings or photographs. They probe not only into a man's abilities and experience but into his sex life and subconscious fears.

Despite their wide use not every one agrees about their value. "I have no use for psychological tests," says Charles Scrymgeour, management development counselor for Imperial Oil Limited. "They can give you the wrong impression of a man. The psychologists have made more of a business than a profession out of it." Dr. J. K. Thomas, a Toronto psychologist, violently disagrees. "Tests," he says, "are terrific. They can even measure the level of a man's aspirations."

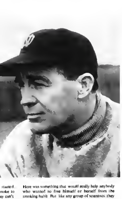
Many industrialists have taken an in-between stand by using tests as a hiring guide but basing promotions on their knowledge of an employee's performance. "I believe in psychological testing for choosing a new man but not for promotions—I base that on my knowledge of him," says Herbert Lank, the Canadian head of Du Pont.

Impartial authorities who have studied testing claim it can be dangerous if improperly used. "Lots of executives duck the very risky, very human decision of whether to hire or promote or fire a man by hiding behind the psychological test," says Wallace Moin, an Ottawa personnel consultant. "Tests can tell you what a man's potential ability is, but they can't tell you the degree to which he will exert himself. The best indication of what a man will do is what he has already done."

(Advertisement)

IF YOU WANT TO QUIT SMOKING

"This new discovery will help you to stop or cut down"
—says Frank Leahy



FRANK LEAHY coaching at Notre Dame: "You can stop smoking if you want to," says he.

These comments by Frank Leahy on the subject of smoking are reported from a recent interview.

Being a non-smoker, the current controversy over cigarette smoking has been intensely interesting to me. As an "innocent bystander" I have watched my smoking friends "give up" smoking (for three weeks), cut down, smoke de-nicotinized cigarettes, switch to filters (3 or 4 different ones), swear off again and finally end up smoking as much or more than they did in the beginning.

There is no doubt about it—for some people smoking is one of life's pleasures. It relieves tension, is a welcome companion in quiet hours and provides relaxation or stimulus as the occasion may call for. Personally, I have a very open mind about it. We are all living in a free country with the privilege of free choice. To smoke or abstain is up to each of us individually.

As an undergraduate at Notre Dame I did not smoke because I was interested in athletics and wanted to be in the best possible physical condition for football. I remember my old coach, the famous Knute Rockne, saying: "Smoke if you want to, but not if you're playing on my team."

I guess that training carried over to my own coaching career. I feel that a young high school or college athlete in training should not smoke. Most coaches would agree with me. Athletes must be at the peak of condition to win. Certainly no smoker is going to be a champion miler.

But to get back to adults. So many of my smoking friends lament the day they ever started. They hate themselves for the way they smoke to excess and wish they could stop but think they can't. Other "two-and-three-pack-a-day" smokers try to cut down to one pack, but their good intentions and will power seem to collapse in a week or two. Even friends whose doctors have warned them that it's detrimental to their health feel helpless to follow this advice.

I was thinking about all this recently when I heard about the discovery of a new pill that has helped many who wanted to stop smoking. I was so impressed by what I heard that I took the trouble to find out something about it. What I discovered should interest everybody who at any time has wanted to stop, or even cut down, smoking and found it difficult or impossible.

This little pill was discovered by doctors in the research laboratories of Loyola University in Chicago. For many years it had been known that a drug called Lobeline Sulphate could curb the desire to smoke. However, in doses large enough to be effective, this drug produced unpleasant side effects. The University scientists working on the problem discovered, after months of research and experimentation, that by combining two common antacid ingredients with Lobeline Sulphate two things were accomplished. First, any unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of Lobeline Sulphate necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was this little white pill which, when given to test patients, helped 4 out of 5 to stop smoking in 5 days!

The way the pill works is interesting to me. Lobeline Sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." It is a first cousin to nicotine, I'm told, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It does its job by removing the craving for nicotine in the system and not by making smoking unpleasant or intolerable.

The research team that discovered this little pill knew they had something that thousands needed. Here was something that would really help anybody who wanted to free himself or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds of patients. They proved that 83 percent, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking could do it easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little pills. Significantly, they found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

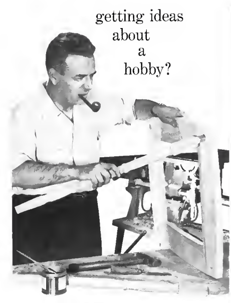
Their discovery was reported in medical journals and demand for it began coming from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company of Batavia, Illinois and Toronto, Canada, was chosen to market these remarkable pills. Today you can buy them at any drug store in Canada under the name of Bantron for only $1.50 a box. No prescription is needed in order to purchase Bantron.

Personally I recommend Bantron to anyone who has tried to stop or cut down smoking and has been unsuccessful. It positively can help you just as it has helped thousands of others. You will be amazed how quickly and easily you succeed in doing something you had always thought hard.

However, there is one thing to remember. Bantron cannot do all the work alone. You have to really want to stop or cut down. But Bantron can help you to succeed in an effort which will, I believe, be beneficial to you.

IN TROPHY ROOM of his home overlooking Lake Michigan, surrounded by reminders of his playing and coaching days.

BANTRON, the new smoking deterrent tablets recommended by Frank Leahy.



getting ideas
about
a
hobby?

THE ROYAL BANK

"2-ACCOUNT PLAN" helps you save for it

PERSONAL CHEQUING ACCOUNT
for paying bills

SAVINGS ACCOUNT
strictly for saving

It pays to work to a definite *plan* in saving. The Royal's "2-Account Plan" is a good one. You open a Personal Chequing Account for paying ordinary household bills. That lets you keep your Savings Account *strictly for saving*—gives it a chance to grow. Saving becomes easier, more certain the "2-Account" way! Full particulars at any branch.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

over the value of business training at university. "Nothing can replace experience," says Geoffrey Notman, the president of Canadair Limited, the Montreal aircraft manufacturing plant. "I don't like the business school grads who think they know it all."

Notman and many other Canadian executives place little weight on academic achievement, even during hiring. "A man who had to fight for his marks often is more adaptable within the company setup. The gold medalist can be a real problem," claims Charles Scrymgeour, management development counselor for Imperial Oil Limited. With performance rated as more important than background, there is a great and growing controversy over the value of ambitious employees spending most of their hours at home between supper and sleep doing extra office work.

"I don't see how anyone who expects to get ahead can expect to do so by working an eight-hour day," says Geoffrey Notman. James Muir, the Royal Bank head, disagrees violently. "The man who makes a habit of carrying home a brief case," he insists, "is either a person who thinks it adds to his dignity or someone who can't keep up with his job."

Just as homework is no longer unanimously accepted as indispensable, so are other once dependable hallmarks of ambition also are going out of fashion. Men on the way up in the past have tried to satisfy those above them by doing only the things which they thought would win approval. This attitude no longer is effective. "If your superior is a good executive," says James Muir, "the last thing he wants is an automatic YES-man. It's remarkable how often you don't get an honest appraisal from juniors, but just what they think you want to hear." Professor Eric Kierans, the head of McGill's School of Commerce, urges his students to become rebels by questioning the daily flow of decisions from the top, especially those directives grounded in historical patterns and not recently reviewed. Herbert Lank, the Du Pont of Canada president, agrees with one reservation. "Certainly young men here should question management decisions," he says. "But rebellion is a nasty word. They should be critical without being nastily noisy."

At lower levels of responsibility young men anxious to get ahead often express their attitude of controlled rebellion by joining in office politics. "The best man does not always succeed. It is sometimes the man who conducts the best campaign for himself," admits Neil Macdougall, who heads the Technical Service Council. The traditional vehicle for demolishing a competitor is the inter-office memorandum. Promotion-anxious executives will sometimes wait for their rival's project to flop, then submit to management carefully back-dated memos documenting their original opposition. "You get fooled if you're influenced by personal feelings," claims F. B. Fraser, a Toronto executive placement expert. "Some presidents promote men into vice-presidencies when they hate them because they know they're good."

Not all promotions are won in the office. Nearly every executive and management consultant interviewed for this article emphasized the importance to youngsters on the way up of taking an active part in community affairs by joining charity drives, university advisory boards and doing other good works. "You can't help but benefit from these occasions," says Geoffrey Notman of Canadair. "It makes available to you and your company advice you wouldn't otherwise get." Notman is a director of eighteen hospitals, universities and various societies. During 1958 he received invitations to attend three hundred and fifty functions.

Case of the impolite wife

Another factor not directly concerned with the work situation but becoming increasingly important in hiring and promotion is the suitability of the wife as a public relations extension of the potentially successful businessman. "Companies are interested in finding out whether wives realize that their husbands' jobs always must come first. A lot of them can't take it," says Dr. Herbert Moore, a Toronto industrial psychologist.

"I think that fifty percent of a man's success is due to his wife," declares Charles Scrymgeour, the management counselor at Imperial Oil. "She must, above all, learn when and how to drink. The wife who can't keep her mouth closed at office cocktail parties can wreck a man's career." Following a recent big company reception in Toronto one promising management trainee was quietly dismissed because his wife had confidentially cooed at the section manager that her Johnny would make *such* a good executive.

The executive spouse is being scrutinized less for her dexterity as a hostess than for her ability to keep up mentally with her husband and to act as a safety valve rather than an obstruction for his emotions. Wives receive the most concentrated attention from management at transfer time. "If a man gets an offer to move elsewhere in the company to a better job and says he wants first to talk it over with his wife, he has just about finished himself with management," insists F. B. Fraser, the executive placement adviser. "Certainly he should consult her, but he's not fit to be an executive if he accepts a promotion only on the condition of his wife's approval."

Some firms assign professionals to interview the wife. "We have a psychologist hold a session with the executives' wives, so that they get an idea about the kind of pressure placed on their husbands," says Clem Ambury, the personnel manager of Canadian Line Materials Limited in Toronto. Other companies, like Pigott Construction in Hamilton, consider talks with the wife as a compulsory part of their hiring program.

What kind of a wife should you choose if you want to become an executive? "Don't marry an intellectual," ad-

"Now remember — Don't panic!"

HATE
YOUR
BASEMENT?

TRANSFORM IT WITH CHEERFUL COLOR!

USE LOXON

the NEW BASEMENT WALL PAINT

for Concrete, Cement Block, Brick and other Interior Masonry surfaces!

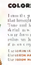
COLORS YOU'D LOVE IN YOUR LIVINGROOM!

From the great research laboratories that brought you famous Super Kem-Tone and Kem-Glo comes this wonderful new beauty treatment for your basement... Loxon. Loxon colors are loveliness itself and using it is an easy "do-it-yourself" job. No [illegible] with a [illegible] one [illegible] permanent [illegible] even on [illegible] means [illegible] won't peel, flake, crack or chip!

Use LOXON LATEX CONCRETE for permanent [illegible]
Use LOXON MASONRY CONDITIONER, [illegible]
Use LOXON MASONRY SURFACER [illegible]

QUALITY PERFORMANCE CERTIFIED

Available at all stores selling paints distributed by
THE CANADA PAINT CO. LTD. • THE LOWE BROTHERS CO. LTD.
THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO. LTD. • THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED



How long since your
Portfolio was reviewed?

If you are like many investors, over a period of time your purchases and sales of various stocks, bonds and debentures tend gradually to change the balanced plan of your portfolio.

The question that every serious investor must frequently ask himself is: *In the light of constantly changing financial conditions, am I sticking to my principles of investing for safety of capital along with good income and potential growth?*

It usually pays to have an experienced and impartial opinion on the make up of your portfolio at regular intervals. Our Research Department is always available for portfolio analysis, along with suggestions for future action in keeping with your investment objectives. Your inquiry is welcomed.

Member
The Investment Dealers' Association of Canada

Gairdner & Company Limited
320 Bay Street, Toronto
EMpire 6-6833
Montreal Kingston Quebec Calgary Vancouver
Hamilton Kitchener London Edmonton Winnipeg
New York

TRICKLING . . .
NOISY? TOILET
GET THE GENUINE
WATER MASTER
America's Largest Selling
TOILET TANK BALL
Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.
98¢ at hardware stores EVERYWHERE

Easiest way ever to keep your toilet bowl immaculate!
Sani-Flush
Let Sani-Flush clean it . . .
twice a week!

TO PEOPLE WHO WANT TO
WRITE for PROFIT
BUT CAN'T GET STARTED!
Send for Your FREE Writing Aptitude Test
Free
N.I.A.
Writing Aptitude Test

wives Dr. J. K. Thomas, a Toronto industrial psychologist. "But it's best to pick a girl above your social class, so that she'll fit in when you reach executive status."

The emphasis on the supporting role of the wife has not prevented bachelors from rising to head some of Canada's largest corporations. They include James Stewart, the board chairman of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; Edward Wood, the president of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada; Wilson Berry, the head of the Guaranty Trust Company; and H. Greville Smith, who was until recently president of Canadian Industries Limited.

Fit the picture

Corporate intrusion into the private lives of rising youngsters generally is not extended to dictating dress, type of car ownership or approved living districts, but these things are important to you as a budding executive. Managements generally believe that since the man who wants to be successful will consciously or subconsciously try to fit himself into a picture of success, he reveals much of his inner self by the clothes he wears and the manner in which he lives.

Moderate drinking isn't a flaw. "I don't think you can be very successful in business if you hold strong views against alcohol—if you have a repugnance toward people who take a social drink," maintains D. B. Watson, a director of J. D. Woods and Gordon, the Toronto management consultants.

In their unrelenting drive to the top many promising young men are threatened by physical and mental inability to withstand the pressures of increasing responsibility. The youngster dead set on success should remember that the higher he goes, the more isolated he will become. Decisions once taken following friendly consultation with equals and superiors must at the top be made alone. Trust in subordinates often must be tempered by the feeling that they have some special interest to promote. "It's lonely in terms of lacking confidants. You have to wrestle with yourself," admits James Muir. Herbert Lank adds a plaintive agreement. "Well, it's not always lonely," he says. "You can always talk to other company presidents."

Lank insists that many executives are happier as vice-presidents, because that leaves someone above them to make the final policy commitment. Like the captain of a ship, the company president must always bear at least part of the responsibility for business moves that go sour.

If you want to become an executive you'll have to pay in full measure for everything you get and probably more in terms of loss of privacy, inability to plan according to personal feelings and loneliness. "You do what's best for the company—day and night," says Vernon Johnson, the president of Canadian International Paper Company, this country's largest pulp and paper producer. Johnson lists the pride of fulfilled ambition and intellectual stimulation as the main compensations of attaining executive rank but considers the loneliness of final decisions as unavoidable. "It has to be a lonely job," he insists. "Damned if I know why so many people want to be president." ★

"There's just no stopping Temple Smith"

Stoker Mahoney and Pill No. 2-183

continued from page 22

He might be too weak to crawl to the ship's rail but officially nothing was wrong with him"

World War II was a surgeon captain in the Royal Canadian Navy; Dr. Wilder Penfield, renowned head of the Montreal Neurological Institute, and Dr. R. L. Noble. Also prominent in the discovery of the pill were Doctors E. A. Sellers, William S. Fields, John M. Parkes and Bruce Campbell, all of whom were medical officers with the RCN during the war.

The remarkable thing about the development of Pill 2-183 is that these eminent doctors were looking for the remedy to an ailment that until a short time before did not officially exist.

Seasickness had been known since the first man strung a couple of logs together, raised a crude sail and set forth on the sea. All through the centuries, however, the medical profession had maintained a strange and stubborn attitude to the malady. It was there and yet it wasn't. A man got seasick, but technically he wasn't sick. He might lie moaning in a ship's bunk or be on deck too weak to crawl to the nearest rail, but actually nothing medically was wrong with him.

This unusual attitude was particularly strong in, of all places, the medical branch of the Navy. Possibly in private the navy doctors admitted the existence of something known as seasickness, but publicly they refused to recognize it, at least in its chronic form. "Unclassified" was, I believe, the term sometimes used, an unfortunate condition that would vanish as soon as the victim attained his sea legs. The agonized groans of hundreds of chronically seasick seamen that rolled back across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans appeared to have no effect on the official medical mind.

Until, that is, His Majesty's Canadian corvette Matapedia made her determined and hitherto unsung stand back in the dark winter of 1941.

Wet canteen

Matapedia had been laid down and launched at the Davie shipyards in Lauzon, Quebec. She was one of the early convoy escort vessels built to combat the U-boat menace in the North Atlantic, a vessel constructed to carry engines, depth charges and a few men—a ship of the type known as a "short fo'c'sle job" (or, more colorfully, by her officers and crew as a "one funneled—"). This means that she had an open well-deck between the main superstructure and the forecastle where the majority of the crew lived. The result was that the mess decks were constantly wet, and very often inundated, and as the galley was located in the after part of the ship, food had to be carried forward across the open deck. When the seas were rough (and in the winter of this flashback, 1941-42, they were always rough) a large percentage of the food never reached its destination, being swept over the side. To tell the truth, it was no great loss.

The officers, who were five in number, were not much better off. The bridge was our domain, but as Matapedia's bridge consisted of a bit of pipe rail and some matting strung around a wooden hut that contained the submarine-detection gear, and left a deck so narrow that two men in duffle jackets might get permanently wedged if they tried to pass each other, there was little protection from the weather and a constant danger that a heavy sea would push in the railing and decapitate the officer who was unfortunate enough to be standing watch.

Matapedia did not rate a medical officer. We had a sick bay attendant who, although he was a good enough lad, was definitely not going to end up with MD or FRCS after his name. None of the Canadian corvettes had doctors and we had to rely for medical advice on the odd Royal Navy destroyer that would pop up over the horizon flying flags that would send us scurrying for the Fleet Signal Book. Usually the hoist turned out to be something like "I am Senior Officer. Who are you?"

It was not always wise to seek medical advice, as one corvette captain found out. Smack in mid-Atlantic one of his

How glass cladding helps keep modern buildings sparkling clean

PILKINGTON LONDON (ONT.) OFFICE
GOLDEN GATE FLATS LONDON, ENG.

LORD SIMCOE HOTEL, TORONTO ONT.

600 GROUP OFFICE LONDON ENG.*
*Photo courtesy Pilkington Ltd

As you know, weather plays havoc with most buildings. But not so ones built with glass cladding by Pilkington. Cladding actually "uses" weather and rain showers keep it sparkling clean. Glass cladding forms part of a building's construction, eliminating the use of time-consuming masonry work. Cladding also eliminates the use of excessively heavy foundations and it means faster, easier construction. Colorclad and Muroglass cladding by Pilkington are used all over the world . . . in the construction of business offices, apartment buildings, hotels, schools, in fact in any building where beauty and cleanliness are desired. To know more about Colorclad, Muroglass and other Pilkington products contact your nearest Pilkington office.

COLORCLAD and MUROGLASS are registered trade marks, property of Pilkington Brothers (Canada) Limited

Pilkington GLASS

PILKINGTON GLASS LIMITED—165 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

petty officers decided to go ashore. The man had already chucked his gear over the rail of the fast moving ship and was about to follow when a couple of seamen grabbed him. "Request medical advice," the corvette captain signaled the Senior Officer. "Give man ounce of brandy every half hour," came back the reply. Within twenty minutes every man aboard the corvette was acting queerly and signifying his intention to step ashore.

In those days the western base for our corvettes was St. John's, Newfoundland, and the eastern terminus a wild and forsaken Icelandic fiord. A round trip took about a month, and turn in port, which meant St. John's, was measured in hours.

Stoker Mahoney, the reluctant hero of this flashback, joined Matapedia in December 1941. Mahoney was not his real name, but if he reads this he will recognize himself, and if the government wants to reward him belatedly that can be arranged.

Mahoney had been trying desperately to get to sea, and this was his first ship. He was a proud and patriotic man when Matapedia poked her nose out of the narrow neck of St. John's harbor. Ten minutes later Stoker Mahoney was flat on his back, violently ill.

Of course he was by no means alone in his agony. By the time the little ship had settled into her familiar corkscrew motion, for which corvettes were infamous, a high percentage of the crew and most of the officers were feeling unwell. [Another new arrival that trip was Sub-Lieutenant Harold J. Brynjolfson, now in civilian life branch manager of the Sun Life Assurance Company in Halifax. Later on in the war Brynjolfson took command of a corvette, but his first appearance aboard Matapedia will never be forgotten. It was midwinter and we were bound for the bleak fiord in Iceland. Sub-Lieutenant Brynjolfson reported smartly on the quarterdeck with a huge bag of golf clubs slung over his shoulder. "Optimistic type, aren't you, Mr. Brynjolfson?" the captain commented.]

While most of the officers and crew recovered after the initial bout of seasickness, it soon became apparent that Stoker Mahoney had all the symptoms of a chronic case. The chief engine-room artificer, who was the chief engineer of the ship, reported to the bridge and told the captain that the new hand was useless at his job and had been sent to his hammock and told to remain there.

The captain concurred with the engineer's decision. The captain was almost unique aboard Matapedia: he was a sailor by profession. (As Superintendent Ronald J. Herman, OBE, he is now chief of the marine division of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.) With ninety-five per cent of his officers and crew straight from civilian life, the captain had his problems, and at the time Stoker Mahoney was probably the least of them.

As the voyage progressed, however, and the sick stoker failed to rally, he became cause for serious alarm. I remember that I went to see him on one occasion. He was lying in his cot or hammock and his gray face had a cadaverous look. He had lost considerable weight at this point and he was not a large man at any time, so that he presented a really frightening appearance. Moreover he was well beyond the active nausea stage and had given up interest in everything, including life.

A corvette expects

Sixteen and a half days after leaving St. John's found Matapedia in Iceland, tied up alongside a large British depot ship which catered to the needs of the escort vessels in between convoys. In addition to maintenance personnel she carried several medical officers, and it was with relief that we delivered Stoker Mahoney into their hands. It was our mistaken assumption that the doctors would take one horrified look at Mahoney and order him into the depot ship's sick bay for a long cure, and that we'd seen the last of him.

Our feelings of pity for the poor fellow were necessarily tempered by realism. A corvette was a small and compact unit, and if any one man was unable to pull his weight over a reasonable period of time, he endangered the safety of the entire ship's company.

I was delegated by our captain to go aboard the depot ship and obtain the medical report on Mahoney. After the usual service delay, I was granted an audience with a medical officer who held the rank of commander and who first wanted to know if the name Matapedia meant that we were Free French-Canadian.

I gave him a cold eye.

"We had another of your chaps, Dauphin, in here last week," the commander said. He pronounced HMCS Dauphin (Manitoba) the French way. "Well, now I suppose you're here about this stoker, Mahoney. There's nothing wrong with him."

"He's a seasick case," I said finally.

"Nonsense. Lots of chappies get seasick," the surgeon-commander said. "He'll joggle out of it in a few days."

"You don't understand, sir," I persisted. "Mahoney is a chronic case. Before he joggles out of it he'll be dead."

"That's rather a ghastly way to look at it," the commander said. "Now look here, Sub. I've examined the chap thoroughly and except for being a trifle undernourished he's really in top-hole shape for a stoker. Heart and lungs absolutely first-class. I simply can't take him off your complement without a valid reason. I have that request from your captain but it can't be done."

I attempted to make my point, and Mahoney's, by raising my voice, which was not quite the thing for a sub-lieutenant (temporary) to do in front of a commander (permanent). The reaction from the surgeon-commander was totally unexpected. He grabbed my arm, rushed me into the depot ship's wardroom and bought me a drink. [I heard later the reason for this strange behavior: it appears that he was completely terrified of Canadians.]

We had no alternative then but to accept Stoker Mahoney back aboard and when we sailed from Iceland the poor man was with us, sicker than ever.

"Never mind," our navigator commented when we discussed the matter in the wardroom. "It's probably better this way. Our own doctors will know what to do for Mahoney. If necessary they can send him home."

We were headed for Newfoundland again but off the coast of Ireland we ran into an eighty-mile-an-hour gale that smashed our bridge and almost stove in the wheelhouse, and when we finally reached the Atlantic coast with the remnants of our convoy we were ordered to Halifax for repairs.

In a way this was a break, for it meant that some of the crew could get home on leave. But from the captain down to the most junior ordinary seaman there was really only one thought: to get Matapedia to Halifax before Stoker Mahoney died.

We knew he was dying, if not directly from seasickness, then from starvation and weakness. The voyage to Halifax was a race, and we won it. Once the ship was tied up in the yard and motionless, Mahoney was able to take some nourishment and keep it down, and as soon as it was humanly possible we got him off to the base medical office, trusting that this would be the first step in his journey to some dry and land-locked town: Davidson in Saskatchewan.

Two hours later he was back. He came aboard looking wan and crestfallen, to be met by the astonished officer of the watch.

"What are you doing here, Mahoney?" the OOW demanded.

"I was told to report back aboard, sir," the unhappy stoker said. "I got to rejoin my ship, they said."

"Didn't you see the MO?"

"Yes, sir. And he said there was nothing wrong with me."

This news was passed along promptly to the captain, who took it grimly. The captain was a fairly easygoing man but he came from Lunenburg and he could be tough. Now, with eyes smoldering, he went ashore to take up the Mahoney case personally. But, like many a seagoing captain, he soon found himself up against the stubborn and impregnable shoreside machine. The medical officer had found Stoker Mahoney physically sound and therefore nothing could be done about the man. He could not be declared unfit for sea duty and until a draft came through for him in the normal course of events he would have to serve out his time aboard Matapedia.

It was obvious that Mahoney would not survive another spell at sea. A conference was called in the wardroom to discuss the situation, and several possible courses of action were presented and promptly discarded as being unfeasible. Then the junior sub-lieutenant made a suggestion. "Why don't we get Mahoney to deliberately commit a crime?" he proposed. "You know, like striking an officer? He'd get cells for it, of course, but at least he'd be ashore."

This received serious consideration but the captain finally vetoed it. "Mahoney would serve his time in cells," the captain said, "and then as sure as God made little apples he'd be drafted right back to us. This is the Navy, remember."

"Actually," I said, "this thing is bigger than Mahoney. It touches on the entire war effort. I don't think we can stop now. We've got to carry this thing right through to the end."

Our campaign, known as Operation Mahoney, started at a very low level. I remember correctly with a staff lieutenant in Operations, according to prescribed drill, and progressed up the ladder through the various echelons of the Executive Branch. In some instances we received a sympathetic hearing, but everyone declared that his hands were

IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION OUT?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscription are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly. The demand for copies is still now so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

THEY'RE CHANGING GUARD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Haven't you always promised yourself a holiday in Britain? Make up your mind to go this year. As an example your round trip can cost as little as $444.60, Montreal-London Economy class or $44.46 down with TCA's Pay later plan. Ask your Travel Agent or TCA Office for free literature, and start planning the most wonderful holiday of your life *right away!* TCA's Atlantic flights carry more people, Canada to Europe, than any other airline, serve the most destinations—London, Glasgow, Shannon, Paris, Dusseldorf, Brussels and Zurich. Only TCA flies direct from Western Canada and Toronto to Britain, as well as daily service from Montreal.

$44.46 DOWN TAKES YOU TO BRITAIN BY TCA

See your Travel Agent, Railway Ticket Office or

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

HOW ADVANCED CAN YOUR DATA-PROCESSING GET?

Let Burroughs Punched-Tape Input Equipment show you

Here in this Punched Tape Input Equipment is just one of the many ways Burroughs brings you advanced automatic data processing at its best.

The Sensimatic Accounting Machine, used alone, turns your daily figures into complete, meaningful hard-copy records. Does this quickly and accurately. Easily masters jobs such as receivables, payables, payroll and inventory. Switches from job to job at the flick of a knob.

Besides producing up-to-the-instant accounting facts and figures, the Sensimatic teams up with the Burroughs Tape Perforator to translate posted data into punched tape—simultaneously and automatically. The punched tape may then be processed into the vital records and reports you need, either through your own electronic computer or at a computer service center.

It's that fast, that simple, that efficient. And there are many advantages like that where the Burroughs Punched Tape Input Equipment comes from. For Burroughs makes a full range of data processing equipment that extends from the most advanced accounting machines to the most advanced giant electronic computers. For help with your data processing problem call or write Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited. Factory at Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs and Sensimatic—TM's

Burroughs

'NEW DIMENSIONS / in electronics and data processing systems'

ted. If the Medical Branch refused to accept chronic seasickness as a fact then it was hopeless because no one could dictate to the Medical Branch, unless of course one were an admiral.

All right, because our captain said using a Newfoundland term, "we'll ready well see the admiral."

Our interview with Rear-Admiral George C. Jones, Commanding Officer Atlantic Coast (Halifax) took some arranging but eventually we were successful and appeared in his office. I like to think that this was a glorious moment in the history of the Allied forces in World War II.

The admiral listened sympathetically to our presentation of the Mahoney case. From my back seat, where my own gold stripe was not too conspicuous, I chose the opportunity to enlarge on the theme. It was unfortunate, I said, that the RCN was a navy of small ships which did not rate medical officers on their complement. Now here were all these young medical men rushing to the colors, anxious to wear the proud navy blue and except for a few appointed to destroyers or sent on loan to the British denied the cherished opportunity of seeing the broad Atlantic from the deck of a warship.

Even though he winced once or twice at the impassioned words, the admiral listened. It is quite possible that he had taken lunch that day at Admiralty House, an ancient mansion which occupies its own grounds in the upper reaches of Halifax dockyard and was the senior wardroom mess of the Atlantic Command at that time. At luncheon it was generally filled to capacity by medical officers and those of the navy's Special Branch which included public relations officers. As these Special Branch boys wore green between their gold stripes, and the Medical Branch was distinguished in the same manner by red, Admiralty House had come to be known among the sea-going officers—who shunned the place—as the Port and Starboard Club.

At any rate Admiral Jones seemed to be aware that there was a large number of medical officers in Halifax at the moment. He confirmed this by calling in his chief of staff who advised him that a new draft of surgeon lieutenants had recently arrived from Toronto.

"Very good," the Admiral said. "What is the weather forecast for tomorrow?"

"Strong westerly winds, sir."

"Right," the admiral said. "Arrange for a ship to take all available medical officers on manoeuvres tomorrow, as of 0600."

The admiral looked at the delegation from Matapedia. "Nothing like a little sea time to clear away the cobwebs," he remarked.

We concurred.

The ship picked to take the medical party to sea was a Bangor class minesweeper which, if anything, was even more uncomfortable than a corvette and considerably less roomy. She cleared the harbor at 0600 crowded to the gunwales with young men, and some not so young, wearing the red and gold of the Medical Branch. Late that evening she returned.

I went to see the first lieutenant of the Bangor the following morning. About all he could tell me about the cruise was that it was "a ruddy shambles." And then he added, "You know there was such a crush of those medical officers trying to get to the rail, that we had to organize them in parties. We'd call out 'First Seasick Party, ho! Advance three steps to the rail—all together now! First Seasick Party, about face. Second Seasick Party, fall in!'"

The picture, if possibly exaggerated, was vivid.

Meanwhile we had worked fast. Before the medical office was open that morning, Stoker Mahoney was parked on the steps carrying his papers and the ship's file on his case. He was first in line when some rather subdued medical officers, still looking a little green in the face, reported for duty. Within a half hour Mahoney was back aboard ship to get his gear, his face wreathed in smiles. He showed us the folder containing his papers, and across it was stamped the words "Unfit For Sea Duty," and underneath in shaky ink—"Chronic Seasickness."

This was triumph. Weak moment or not, the Medical Branch had committed itself. Now there was no turning back. Aboard Matapedia there was a victory celebration that night. By perseverance and with the help of Stoker Mahoney, a sympathetic admiral and a Bangor minesweeper, not to mention the good old Atlantic Ocean, we had put seasickness on the medical map.

We make no boastful claims about the subsequent course of events. Suffice to say, that when the medical profession accepts the fact that a condition exists, it usually loses no time in seeking a cure for it. Being faced with seasickness, the progression seems logical enough. And so finally out of the laboratories emerged that mixture of Hyoscine HBr, Hyoscyamine HBr and Ethyl B methyl allyl thiobarbituric acid that became the famous Pill No. 2,183.

Let the honors fall where they may. We of Matapedia will be content with this small postscript. ★

Always "Just Looking"?

You can do more than "just look." Now you can actually *have* the things you want, without waiting.

Simply look for a Merit Plan dealer. That's where you'll find all the things that make for better living—the car, major home appliance, furniture, boat you've always dreamed of owning. All yours without the financial strain you imagined it would take.

You can get what you need with the I A C Merit Plan—Canada's most *convenient* way to buy on time. On terms that you know are best for you. No running around, no waiting. The Merit Plan gives you your purchase immediately—one visit to your dealer does it. It's like a charge account—you use and enjoy your purchase *now*—and pay for it while you earn, without having to use up your savings or disturb your borrowing power.

Millions have enjoyed better living years before they thought they could—because they bought from a Merit Plan dealer. Many of them might still be "just looking" . . . if they hadn't seen that famous I A C Merit Plan sign.

Now that *you've* seen it—why wait?

Industrial Acceptance Corporation Limited

Serving You Through Dealers From Coast to Coast

The precocious alma mater of the prairies

continued from page 19

high of 4,300, when veterans swelled the enrolment, will be passed by 1960 when six thousand will be taking classes. Since Mrs. F. F. Lloyd (Arts '12), now living in Cobourg, Ont., received the first degree as a member of a class of one, fifteen thousand have graduated and seventy percent of them have remained in the province. One graduate who left his home in Prince Albert to live in Ottawa was John Diefenbaker (Arts '15, Law '19) who returned last year to receive the first honorary degree ever given by the university to a politician in office.

At the time classmates recalled that Diefenbaker had fulfilled the prediction of the class prophet in the Sheaf of April 1915 who saw Diefenbaker not as prime minister but as leader of the opposition in the House of Commons.

Eleven graduates in all, including Hazen Argue (Agric '44), house leader of the CCF, and Alvin Hamilton (Arts '37), minister of northern affairs, are members of parliament.

As well as sending out graduates in every professional and academic category except architecture, veterinary science and dentistry, the university has since its beginning been in close touch with the people of the province. The major link has been the College of Agriculture, an integral part of the university which has been dedicated to the training of agriculturists equipped to meet the problems of the prairies and at the same time through extension courses to the making of better farmers.

Named grain strains

As early as 1914 Better Farming Trains were sent around the province by the university and the provincial department of agriculture to demonstrate new techniques and show what was new and best in livestock and crops. In 1911 the Homemakers Clubs which are still flourishing among farm women were begun. During those years John Bracken, later to become premier of Manitoba and national leader of the Conservative party, was, as a professor of field husbandry, making an investigation of the field crops best suited to the plains that resulted in a standard practical guide for farmers.

Over the years the college has developed new strains of grain—Royal Flax, Antelope Rye and Husky Barley—developed for prairie soil and growing conditions. The soil itself was given a searching look in a massive survey conducted by the late Professor John Mitchell.

The college gets more than ten thousand inquiries a year from farmers asking for advice. It also sponsors 4-H Clubs for twelve thousand boys and girls and each January during Farm Week it is host to a thousand representatives of agricultural organizations and interested farmers who hold meetings on the campus and in between sessions inspect the university farm.

Builders ask the Engineering College for help and send in problems to be solved. The college charges only for the materials. There is a province-wide extension program which has recently taken to the air with weekly television lectures in English to help those working for a degree by correspondence.

During the International Geophysical Year four members of the physics department probed the ionosphere, the layer of air that begins forty miles above the earth, by studying the northern lights with the help of an "all sky" camera which automatically photographs the sky from horizon to horizon every minute.

Thousands of people are cared for each year in the modern University Hospital (525 beds). Although it is on the campus right next door to the Medical School the hospital is operated separately by the province and serves the university as a teaching centre. The first cobalt bomb used in the treatment of cancer was developed here by Dr. Harold Johns, now at the University of Toronto.

The National Research Council, the federal department of agriculture and the National Cancer Institute have all chosen the university as the site for research labs.

The university goes out to the people not only through its graduates but when a professor judges a fat stock show, talks on the radio about Saskatchewan history or addresses a luncheon meeting on the economic trends in western agriculture since the war. This neighborly visiting back and forth between the people and their university is in the tradition established by the first president, Dr. Walter C. Murray, fifty years ago.

Murray, aged forty-two, was teaching philosophy at Dalhousie when he was asked to meet the committee in search of a president at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal in the summer of 1908.

THERE'S A SCOTCH TO SUIT EVERY TASTE

Scotch gives you a distinct choice: light . . . heavy . . . medium and smoky. Each whispers of gentle blending . . . of aging in old oaken casks. That's why you're sure to enjoy the fine flavour of Scotch

—whisky as the world knows it.

Making Manners Work

It's a mistake to assume you are "always welcome"

It's nice to be welcome wherever you go — and whenever you go! So why chance unpleasant breath? After meals, after heavy smoking, it's so easy to rinse your mouth with sparkling, pleasant Lavoris. Then you're never in doubt! Lavoris completely removes germ-breeding deposits and odor-producing particles that cling to tongue, mouth and throat tissues. Your whole mouth is completely refreshed and tingling clean when you use Lavoris. You'll like the cool, cinnamon-spice taste, too. Begin today. Use Lavoris every day — and stop bad breath before it starts!

TASTES GOOD
—DOES GOOD

He was number two on a list of candidates handed by Adam Shortt of Queen's. When Shortt declined despite all the glowing prophecies made for the new province of 325,000 and still growing, Murray was asked to come to Regina where in August of that year the board of governors offered him the job.

Now came the search for a site. Every town of any size made a determined bid. Indian Head thought it would be fine to have the university at the nearby federal experimental farm. Moose Jaw talked of boat races comparable to the Oxford-Cambridge contests on its creek and the citizens hinted darkly that if they didn't get the university they would never again vote for the party that frustrated them. Wherever they went the governors were entertained and at one dinner a member of the selection committee wondered out loud if it would *sound* right to have a university in a place called Moose Jaw. "Why not?" snapped one of the petitioners from that city. "Surely you've heard of Oxford!"

Regina offered a thousand acres of free land after hastily computing that the new school would bring a quarter of a million dollars worth of business to the city during its first year. Saskatoon, the other chief contender, offered a strong team of persuaders including Archie McNab who resigned from the board of governors to go into politics and fight for placing the university in his town.

The story of how the university came to Saskatoon is told in the diary of James Clinkskill, a member of the board of governors and a former mayor of that city. He told of the tension as the balloting, held in the capital, reduced the contenders to two, Regina and Saskatoon. When the verdict was returned he hurried to the telegraph office to flash the good news home and at the hotel observed that there was no one about. "It was evident the people of Regina were so confident that no interest was evidenced on their part," he wrote.

Saskatoon literally jumped for joy. Clinkskill wrote of the next day: "When our train reached Dundurn a special car from Saskatoon was hitched on. It was filled with a joyous crowd of citizens whose joy at our success was unbounded. On our arrival in Saskatoon everyone and his wife and all the kiddies were at the station to welcome us. The steam whistles were blowing and the bells were ringing; the cheering continued till throats were sore."

Murray went to Saskatoon and to work. He had toured the universities of the east and the U.S. in search of ideas he could incorporate either in the building design or the policies of the new school. Now he went in search of professors. One Maritime professor who had been asked to come and teach French and German replied that he would be delighted except he had no German. "Take summer school in Chicago on your way west," suggested Murray, a man in a hurry.

Until 1937 when he retired, the university, which some people had said was an economic and academic absurdity, was Murray's life. He stumped the province with the energy of a new coach selling professional football to the farmers and it was the new citizens from continental Europe that he sold hardest. If the university was to prosper, indeed exist, they must send their students to its halls for they and their children made up more than half of the province's population.

These were the immigrants who had come to the prairies in colonist cars munching their last hunk of garlic sausage as they looked out of the train which had been their prison all the way from the east coast. They built adobe huts near the ferry at Petrofka and painted them as blue as the eggs they colored at Easter; they banked their farmhouses near Humboldt high on the outside with earth and on the inside with barrels of sauerkraut against the western winter and when the Kaiser went to war their hearts were torn by two loyalties. The Finns built saunas so they could have steam baths once again and at Gravelbourg French women used the Number One Hard wheat to make good bread for their big families.

And when their sons and daughters made the long trip to Saskatoon and the university they found a man there called Dr. T. T. Thorvaldson, a professor of chemistry, who looked like Carl Sandburg and was to become famous with his discovery of alkali-resistant cement. They smiled when his Icelandic accent stubbornly refused to yield and he said things like "spherical women revolving in space." They smiled because this man, now dean emeritus of graduate studies, made the meaning of this new university clear and real to them.

And as the years passed and students with names like Hnatyshyn, Thiessen, Anderson, Zalkowski and LaFrance came before Sir Frederick Haultain, now chancellor, Dr. Murray knew that he had won his battle. By 1931 forty percent of the students were of non-Anglo-Saxon origin.

Tunnel to co-education

He infected good teachers with his enthusiasm, persuaded them to come to Saskatchewan and stay there when other richer offers were made to them. He lent his own money to needy students, arranged loans for others. He listened to their troubles, fired them sadly as Christmas grads when their marks fell low. He cajoled governments and handled university affairs with a skill that sometimes bordered on guile.

"I don't know how he did it but he seemed to know everything that was going on," recalled one graduate. "One night a group of us, including a man who is now a dean in an eastern college, went through a tunnel normally reserved for steam pipes, from the men's to the women's residence. We spent an hour there in the middle of the night writing up washroom doors and playing other pranks and returned without seeing anyone, or so far as we knew being seen. The next day Dr. Murray called us to his office. He knew all our names. He talked for a while about the gravity of what we had done, he reminded us of the sacrifices being made by our parents. Then he stopped talking and we sweated for a while for he had said that could mean the chop. After continuing as we had acted like jerks he let us stay."

Dr. J. S. Thomson, Murray's successor, who was known to some of his constituents as Butch, served until 1949 with 1940-41 off to head the CBC. He is now dean emeritus of divinity at McGill. Time has mellowed the contemporary estimate of the second president who was not as skillful as Murray in his dealings with his staff and the government but is now recognized as a distinguished scholar and a man to whom the great idea of a university was precious and bright.

He was followed by Dr. W. P. Thompson, a geneticist who made an international reputation with his contribution to the development of strains of rust-resistant wheat. As a teacher at Saskatchewan since 1913 Thompson was known as a brilliant scientist and the possessor of a small perennial classroom joke he used to illustrate the possible salutary effects of close inbreeding. Cleopatra was, he would observe, the product of several generations of brother-and-sister marriages. "And we're given to understand that Marc Anthony found the lady not unattractive," he said.

With business buoyant the university has known its greatest period of expansion under Thompson after being retarded by twenty years of war and depression.

Annual budgets, originally only thirty-two thousand dollars, have risen to more than six million. By next fall the Animal Husbandry Building and the classroom wings of the Biology and (with the help of a Canada Council grant) Arts buildings will be completed.

When I returned last November twenty-five years after I had left, short of a degree and even shorter of money, the fourth president had just been chosen. He is Dr. John Spinks, a scientist who has won a wide reputation for his work in the use of radioactive tracers in agriculture. He will take office this fall.

Spinks, who boxed for sport at one hundred and twenty pounds, came to the university as a chemistry professor in 1930 from the University of London. He was frequently mistaken for an undergraduate because of his youthful appearance (he was only twenty-two) and his addiction to long striped mufflers. He sometimes carried a stick in those days.

I spent a week on the campus remembering what it was like when Dr. Spinks and I first went there, looking at new buildings and looking up old ones on which ivy still refuses to grow. I strolled into the new library named for Dr. Murray, acutely aware that I still had two books twenty-five years overdue. I had a cup of coffee (ten cents) in the Memorial Union Building, dedicated to the memory of the fallen. The young men now play ping-pong in the downstairs common room in Qu'Appelle Hall where they used to shoot craps.

Frank Eddy is one of the few of my contemporaries to become a dean of arts. Outside his office I once again broke into a light hoarfrost of fear just at the memory of a former occupant, Dean George Ling. In retirement Dean Ling emerged as a kindly man and a railroad buff of all things, whose delight was examining locomotives.

By the end of the second day I had enlarged on the old truism about the students looking so young, despite the occasional beard, to include the observation that some of the professors looked irresponsibly youthful too. The girls, however, are not as pretty as they were. Of course this could be due to the unflattering babushkas and heavy snow boots they wear in winter. They still lean forward at approximately the same angle into the wind as they walk around the Oval from the Chemistry Building.

The Chemistry Building, with its built-in rancid smell compounded mainly of H_2S (that's the one that smells like rotten eggs), reminded me not of chemistry, which I had never recognized as a valid science, but of one of the university's truly great men—the late Professor R. A. Wilson. He taught English composition in that place against a backdrop of scientific symbols on the blackboard and flanked by bunsen burners because there was a shortage of classrooms.

Burns and Service were his favorite poets and I can still hear him intone with his slight Scottish burr bunching the words, eyes closed and head thrown back, a line from the Yukon poet's work: "Pines and pines and the shadow of pines as far as the eye can see." It was his book, The Miraculous Birth of Language, that attracted Shaw's attention. "His name being unknown to me," wrote Shaw, "I hastened to ascertain whether his chair was at Oxford or Cambridge, Owens or Edinburgh, Dublin or Birmingham. I learned it was Saskatoon, a place of which I had never heard, and that his university was that of Saskatchewan, which was connected in my imagination with ochered and feathered Indians."

Outside the office of the Sheaf, the campus weekly, moved from the first floor of the men's residence to the basement of the women's residence, emissaries from companies like Du Pont were dangling jobs at graduation before seniors. In the Thirties such men would have been killed in the rush or laughed gently away. In those years we developed a type of professional student who took course on course rather than face a world which was offering forty dollars a month, not in cash but in notes, to country teachers.

In the Sheaf office the latest edition had just arrived. "What's wrong with the damn thing this time?" asked one of the editors, lunging at the stack. Nothing had changed really.

Despite the light glaze that quickly came over their eyes I told them what it was like there in the Thirties. I told them how you could take Arts for five dollars a subject; the fee for the course now starts at $247. Four friends of mine had a furnished room for which they paid a dollar a week. When a football team went to the coast to play the University of British Columbia the porter cooked their meals in the colonist car using the provisions they brought along. There is no more intercollegiate football although it is going to be revived this fall. The boys compete in volleyball instead although they have a fine modern stadium where they hold track meets and bicycle races.

Ken Phillips, who has left the university to go into business and make some money, had a football team in 1931 that beat all the other western schools. One of his best linemen was a big strong farm boy who ran to the sidelines in the first game and demanded of his coach: "What the hell's going on here?" Phillips explained that the team was lining up for the kickoff. For all his weeks of training the new star had never seen a complete game played.

What are today's students like? One of their professors had said they were "doughheads," that they lacked the dedication of the early days, the anger of the Thirties and the maturity of the postwar years.

"What is there to be angry about?" asked Bill Deverell, who as managing editor of the Sheaf has the job I once held. "Things are just fine. The H-bomb? We're more likely to get worked up about the lack of parking space for our cars."

"We're not Beatniks and we're not Angries," said another student. "We're kind of joyless, I guess. Only the Communists and the Socialists worry about politics. We have security here."

"There are too many activities," said another. "A little loneliness would do us a lot of good." Among the most strongly supported undergraduate activities is a happy-go-lucky, gaily uniformed band which has sprung up in recent years. Though it's called the Intensely Vigorous College Band its membership is usually closer to fifteen.

The late forties, when the veterans dominated the campus, were vintage years, I was told. Ed McCourt, a professor of English who is the author of the novel The Wooden Sword, spoke of them nostalgically.

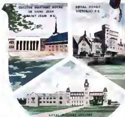
"They were industrious and eager, willing to put up with overcrowding and other inconveniences," he said. "It was a little embarrassing, though, to correct the syntax of a man who had probably twenty-seven trips over the Ruhr."

Arthur Moxon, one of the original four professors, a former dean of law who at seventy-seven still practices law in Saskatoon, recalled the earliest days: "It was like a Scottish university in its intensity. At Dalhousie we weren't as polite, we used to give our professors a bad time but these students respected you, looked up to you. They were interested only in learning," he said.

Since then the fear has been expressed by some alumni that the concern with science would turn the place into a superior technical school, that the humanities would suffer. But for all its emphasis on science, the professions and practical service to the community, the university has maintained a quiet inner life in the classical tradition where men and women contemplate in tranquility the great ideas and examine the mysteries of the universe and the spirit.

The Rhodes Scholarship Trustees recently reviewed the academic records of students from the ninety schools in the Commonwealth and the U.S. from which they are drawn. University of Saskatchewan scholars had the best record at Oxford.

George Bernard Shaw probably wouldn't have been a bit surprised to hear it. ★


COLLEGE MILITAIRE ROYAL DE SAINT JEAN SAINT JEAN P.Q.
ROYAL ROADS VICTORIA B.C.
ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

Traditions *that live*

Strong and honourable traditions provide the foundation of firm training in leadership expressed today in the motto of the three Canadian Services Colleges Truth—Duty—Valour.

Allied to the prestige of the past is advanced education at university level given by these colleges to the officer cadets of Canada's armed forces. Carefully selected high school graduates are trained for challenging professional careers as officers in the Navy, Army or Air Force, for the responsibility of holding the Queen's Commission.

to serve the Future

The closing date for [illegible] the 1959 fall classes is July 1 1959. For full information [illegible]

ROTP SELECTION BOARD
DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE
OTTAWA ONT.

When...

It's a patio party
that calls for casual drinks
light yet pleasing

It's a formal party and you want to
serve a wine that's special

It's an intimate party and
quick, easy service is important

It's a long-planned party
and the wine and everything
must be perfect

It's a spontaneous party
just the two of you and you
want it to be gay

then... or on a hundred similar
occasions is the time to serve
chilled Jordan Crackling Rosé the
pink, lightly effervescent table wine

ALL CANADA KNOWS
JORDAN WINES

JORDAN
Crackling
ROSÉ
Bottled

draw me!

You may win a
$430.00 Scholarship
in Commercial Art

Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. As winner of contest you get a complete art course—free training in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning or landscape or portrait painting. You are taught individually by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Try for this free art course! Winner also gets drawing supplies and art textbooks. Entries for March 1959 contest must be received by March 31. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified.

Mail your drawing today ›

If you like to draw
you may have talent that
could be developed for
a profitable career in
art. Enter contest!

ART INSTRUCTION INC STUDIO MC-29
500 South 4th Street
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota U.S.A.
Please enter my attached drawing in your "Draw Me" contest (PLEASE PRINT)
Name ________ AGE ____
Occupation ________
Address ________ Apt ____
City ________ Zone ____
County ________ Province ____

How I got mixed up in the Cuban revolution

Continued from page 20

When the Stratford Festival was mentioned the air of tension among the rebels quickly eased

his fellow revolutionaries something about the Stratford Shakespearean Festival of which I am now planning consultant. The effect on the group was instantaneous. Men moved back from the edges of their chairs. Smiles flashed around the room and tension went down with the suddenness of a tropical sun at nightfall.

Soon I was answering questions about Stratford's past and telling them what I could about our plans for the future. Would it not be a good idea to present as one of the added attractions the operetta Cecilia Valdes, a Cuban classic much beloved by the islanders? Indeed it would be a good idea and ever since I had first heard a recording of the music a year before I had been interested in bringing a Cuban company to Canada to play it for festival visitors.

So for a while we forgot about the rebellion and talked about the Stratford Festival which seemed only right for it was at Stratford that my journey to Cuba's revolution began. Last summer at a party following a performance of The Winter's Tale I was asked by a friend if I would like to meet a Cuban rebel. When I said I would I was introduced to Telma Zayas, a pretty brown-haired young woman from Havana, who would soon be going back home to run her beauty salon, which I later discovered served as a cover for her work with the Castro organization in the capital. Without knowing too much about Cuban politics I was interested in the fight to overthrow the dictator Batista and I was even more interested in the possibility of arranging some kind of a cultural exchange between the two countries. I had been in the U.S.S.R. earlier in the year and would soon return to Trinidad on a similar mission. I believe that by bringing the Little Carib Theatre dancers from Trinidad to the festival last year Canada gained as much good will as she got from the gift of a ship to the West Indies. I'm a strong believer in the power of the arts to bring nations closer together in understanding.

I would be in Trinidad late in November to help celebrate the tenth anniversary of the theatre; perhaps I could go to Havana then? Miss Zayas agreed that would be a good time to make the trip. We arranged to meet in New York in a few weeks. In the meantime I later discovered, checks were made on me through Castro sympathizers living in Toronto. But the rebels weren't always so thorough or they would never have given those two phony newspapermen a chance to reach Castro himself and possibly assassinate him. Later, in a restaurant in the country outside Havana, I overheard two of Batista's police, contemptuous of rebellions because they had been through the earlier one that brought their leader to power, laughingly mock the Fidelistas as a bunch of amateur revolutionaries.

In New York Telma assured me the trip was still on and told me to get in touch with her when I arrived in Havana. Then we went to see the musical West Side Story and the next day I left for Louisiana on a speaking engagement on my way to the West Indies. In Trinidad I found that it was impossible to go direct to Cuba without a visa, which I didn't have, so I had to double back to Miami and make the hundred-mile flight from Florida since Canadians and Americans are allowed to enter without restriction from the mainland. On my way up from Trinidad we stopped in Caracas, Venezuela, where there was another uprising brewing. There were post-election riots the afternoon after we left.

Because the Batista government had, in its propaganda, made so much of the charge that the rebels were Communist inspired and of the fact that Fidel Castro's brother Raul had been to Russia, I wondered how the immigration man in Miami would regard my Soviet visas. He flipped past them, however, and even put his stamp of approval on one of the pages devoted to my Russian trip.

I landed at Havana's airport about eight in the evening and had my first glimpse of the graft that was supposed to be one of the evils of the Batista regime. At the customs shed ninth of the Cuban passengers handed the inspector some money. Their bags were immediately cleared unopened. Mine was the last to be processed and it was thoroughly examined.

A meeting was arranged

As I rode into the city past the dark shapes of palm trees and the fourth rustling fields of sugar cane it was hard to believe that I was entering the heartland of a country torn by revolution. My taxi driver, by tradition the staunch friend of foreign correspondents looking for a quote, refused to talk about the rebellion or anything else. At the Hotel Rosita (in which Telma's salon is located) the hotel clerk was grumpy and seemed hesitant about giving me a room even though I learned later the place was almost empty.

My cable to Telma had gone to her shop which was of course closed. I consulted the telephone book but gave up in the presence of so many Zayas. She hadn't given me her father's initials, which was pretty loose cloak-and-dagger work. I showered and changed my clothes and went out for a walk which ended at the hotel bar where I was the only customer. I went to bed early. The only warlike signs I had seen had been at the airport where a few armed police lounged about looking at the clock to see when their shift ended.

The next morning I met Telma at her salon and we had a lengthy breakfast while she told me about her plans for me. A friend of hers, Julia Dumas, a druggist whose job it was to collect and ship medical supplies to Castro and his men, would arrange a meeting with the rebel leader of Havana who in turn would try to get me through the lines to Castro himself. She said that I would be staying at her family's home a short distance out in the country. We arranged to go out later in the afternoon.

At the Canadian embassy I told them I was in Cuba on a holiday and the official I talked to seemed relieved. They weren't anxious to bail any more Canadians out of rebel custody. Before Dr. Zayas' chauffeur-driven car came to pick us up I had a chance to look at Havana newspapers which seemed to be well stocked with stories about the crisis in West Berlin and accounts of Russian atrocities but completely bare of any mention of the revolution.

The Zayas' comfortable luxurious home, complete with swimming pool, was in a beautiful setting of tropical foliage. I was greeted by the doctor, a stocky fair-haired man who was inclined to be a little brusque, a little suspicious, as were most of the rebels at first, but later we became good friends and when we were alone he would attempt to speak English with me. When there were others around he depended on Telma as an interpreter. I met Mrs. Zayas and Telma's brother Enzo who asked me half in jest, "I suppose you Canadians think we are all a bunch of niggers down here?"

Dr. Zayas told me that I had been checked with the Canadian embassy in Havana. "We didn't go through official channels, though. We have our own man there," he told me.

When I asked him about the government men reaching Castro's hideout he shrugged. "This is a people's revolution. We're not professionals. Not long ago some rebels came here and stuck a gun in Mrs. Zayas' ribs and ordered her to give up our sporting guns. When she told them we were on their side they laughed and put away their guns but took the rifles anyway. We were glad to let them have them."

When I asked him about the servants he explained they had been in the family for years and besides they all came from Oriente province where everyone was a Castro supporter and it was safe to talk in front of them. The longer I was in Cuba, two weeks altogether, the more I marveled that the revolt had lasted as long as it had, for there seemed to be no support at all for the government. Apparently this fact eventually filtered through to Batista himself, who had been reported as saying to some American businessmen a few days earlier, "What revolution?" and when it did he just packed up and left.

Several days passed pleasantly for me as a guest at the Zayas house while I waited for Telma to make contact with the Havana rebel chief. Several times I went with Telma into the country to meet members of her organization and one afternoon I went to a cockfighting club with her. Although we could occasionally hear the sound of gunfire throughout the city I never had the feeling of being in danger quite so closely as I did that afternoon. One of Batista's senators, with a revolver stuffed into his belt, gave me a close scrutiny and asked some questions about me. Dr. Zayas was annoyed that his daughter had been taken to a place frequented by Batista supporters although there were no repercussions.

Another night Telma and I went to the Havana Hilton to dine. We were the only guests in the elegant El Caribe room for dinner. A band of eleven musicians imported from Spain for the season played for us while idle waiters arranged and re-arranged chairs and silver that no one came to use. The scene reminded me of the main street of Stratford the day after the festival ends. Later that night about thirty people turned up to hear another band that was Cuban play for [illegible] the French singer. The gambling casino was equally deserted. Croupiers and dealers, who traditionally act as though they were born bored, seemed to have trouble staying awake. All the bettors seemed to be penny-slot plungers like ourselves.

Outside, the city was going through the motions of being the pleasure capital of the Caribbean but the few people abroad didn't have their hearts in it. For a city that was soon to be twisted by the final spasm of a revolution, Havana gave no sign of smouldering torment.

The first hurrah

Hurrah for those who want to race
With others into outer space.
They're staunch, they're brave, they're
pioneers
They'll make more room for our careers
I cannot wait till they embark
So I can find a place to park.

JONAS CLIFTON

The neon lights glowed and the bands played but life moved at half speed.

But everywhere the tension grew and flourished. The United States was about to step in and bring the two parties together so that the sugar crop could be harvested. Batista, who was reported to have two hundred million dollars in U.S. banks, was losing his mind. With a blackout of news about the fighting lying thickly on the Cuban radio, television and press we had to depend on the Miami newspapers.

Finally, contact was made through Telma with the Havana rebel leader. I went to the rendezvous in the Zayas car and the chauffeur waited for me outside the apartment while we talked. At the time not even his associates knew his name but I have since learned he was Ismael Suarez and he has been acting recently as aide to the rebel commander of Havana.

He was young, as he must be, like so many of the rebels. He spoke some English. Telma interpreted for the most part. And like many others on the Castro side he gave me the feeling that he was ashamed that his country had acquired a reputation for instability and corruption. He spoke as though he and his associates must rid Cuba of its reputation for gambling and prostitution. He spoke bitterly of the arms sales Britain had made. "But I know this has nothing to do with you Canadians. You have your own foreign policy," he said. The rebels had declared a boycott against British goods as a result of the arms deal, he said. He and many of his friends had forsworn Scotch whisky for the duration.

He added that he hoped Cuba would emerge from its ordeal with a reputation as a democratic middle power. "We want to be like Canada, respected and dependent on none," he said.

I asked him if it would be possible to persuade Castro to come to Stratford's opening night. He nodded thoughtfully. That might be arranged, he said, but Castro was very busy. He smiled.

Now Castro is busier than ever [illegible] in groups. But I have been told by friends in Havana he is delighted. [illegible] have not forgotten [illegible] in the middle of a revolution [illegible] to the Stratford Festival. ★

HOW ONE MILLION PEOPLE HAVE DISCOVERED THE NATURAL WAY TO FEEL BETTER, LOOK YOUNGER, GET MORE OUT OF LIVING **This medically proved, hospital tested method helps increase blood circulation locally and relieve moderate pains of ARTHRITIS, BURSITIS, RHEUMATISM . . . without drugs or pills** Now at last the boons of heat and massage have been combined in one versatile unit that is helping one million people to get more out of living. This scientific advance is called **NIAGARA®** heat and massage equipment and its unique, patented action literally radiates through muscles and soft tissue right into bones and joints. **NIAGARA®** health equipment can help you feel better too by aiding • Relieving the moderate pains of medically diagnosed chronic arthritis, bursitis, lumbago, rheumatism whenever they strike • Increasing blood circulation wherever applied • Easing simple nervous and physical tension • Encouraging deep, natural sleep—without drugs or pills • Restoring sore, aching muscles to normal use • Renewing that great to be alive feeling all over again **ACT NOW—SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET, "MORE ZESTFUL LIVING THROUGH RESEARCH"**

Niagara HEALTH APPLIANCES

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

1959 Niagara Therapy Mfg Corp.

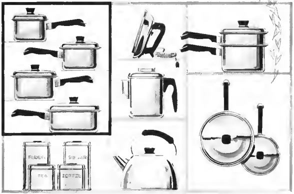
MONARCH MASSAGE LTD. Dept.
Queen Elizabeth Way, Fort Erie, Ontario
Please let me have your FREE booklet and full information, without obligation.
Name ________
Address ________

MONARCH MASSAGE, LIMITED, Fort Erie, Ontario

at EATON'S OF CANADA from Coast to Coast

see the gleam of *Stainless Steel* in beautiful, durable products!

CONTAINING INCO NICKEL



Beautiful durable stainless steel—so easy to clean . . . and keep clean . . . so bright so right for the modern home Today you can buy literally hundreds of practical economical stainless steel products for the home pots and pans, kitchen utensils, sinks wall ovens, lovely flatware and hollow ware, gracious serving dishes, long-lasting sporting goods and hardware.

Nickel does great things for stainless steel . . . strengthens it . . . gives it greater durability . . . helps make it rustless . . . increases its resistance to corrosion . . . makes it easier to shape into products like those illustrated here Nickel helps give stainless steel its rich silvery lustre, helps it withstand heat better. And always you're sure of lasting beauty plus years and years of good hard use.

INCO Inco Nickel

The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto Ontario

makes stainless steel perform better, longer

See the gleam of stainless steel at Eaton's of Canada. Shop Eaton's often for good values in stainless steel products. All items illustrated are available through or at any Eaton store or order office across Canada.

Your good sense says "Stainless"
your good taste says "Oneida"

So practical, so sensible—Stainless by Oneida. Choose from many attractive, modern designs which never need polishing or cleaning. Yes, here's tableware completely carefree.

Oneida Stainless is created in Canada by silversmiths dedicated to a tradition of fine design and craftsmanship. Illustrated are Shasta* and Shoreline*—truly modern in beauty.

Made in Canada
by Canadian craftsmen
from world famous
Canadian Stainless Steel

Oneida
STAINLESS

Nature makes it carefree. Oneida makes it beautiful

ONEIDA LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

I served on a murder jury continued from page 14

"Marching off to lunch in pairs, we felt like convent girls being given their daily airing"

Since the city hall elevators would not hold sixteen persons we descended from the third floor in two batches of six jurors plus two sheriff's officers each. No other passengers were allowed to ride with us.

We walked at a brisk pace over to Yonge Street, lined up in pairs with two sheriff's officers ahead and two behind, through the lunchtime crowds. I felt embarrassingly conspicuous being part of this eight-pair column, even though the officers were not in uniform and looked no different from the rest of us. It was rather like a class of convent girls being taken out for their daily airing.

We entered Childs Restaurant through a side door and found ourselves in a screened-off section with tables laid for sixteen. Behind the screen we could hear the babble and clatter of men and women of the outside world having their lunch. A little self-consciously we sat in our isolation booth. A pair of waitresses came to take our orders. Waitresses, Mr. Mac and our fellow jurors were the only human beings with whom we exchanged a single word during the trial. I don't remember hearing any of the assistant officers say a word. They were our silent shadows. When a couple of jurors wanted to use the restaurant washroom one of the officers accompanied them.

Someone asked if we could have a drink with lunch. Mr. Mac shook his head. One juror ordered a cocktail anyway. The waitress did not seem to hear him. But we could order anything else on the menu, even steaks—in spite of the gloomy recollection of my neighbor in court. But some of us who ordered lavishly because the government was picking up the tab wished we hadn't. We spent the afternoon in the overheated courtroom struggling to stay awake and listen to evidence.

After lunch we waited in the jury room for the call to return to court. When it came we struggled toward the door. Mr. Mac stopped us. "Not that way," he said. "Please line up in pairs." We did so. "No, no," said Mr. Mac patiently, "in pairs according to your jury numbers."

We re-formed ranks by numbers. Mr. Mac looked us over with a practiced eye. One juror had opened the top button of his shirt and loosened his tie. Mr. Mac diplomatically asked him to spruce up. It all reminded me of a sergeant major with a squad of rookie recruits. When he was satisfied he led us into court to try Ann Rankin for murder.

The case must have been one of the simplest in the annals of Canadian murder trials—and among the most sordid. Apart from routine evidence of the cause of death and the arrest, the case hinged on the testimony of just two witnesses: Florence Laballister, the crown's star witness, friend and fellow roomer of the prisoner, and the prisoner herself.

When Henry Bull led Florence Laballister through her testimony that afternoon his methods came as a surprise to me and, I discovered later, to other jurymen. I had heard him called "tough." My own conception of prosecutors in action came from U.S. movies and television programs in which the district attorney goes to great lengths to present the most damning case possible against the prisoner, fairly or unfairly.

Yet Henry Bull simply elicited the facts—very much in the same manner as William Whiteacre did the next day with his client in the witness box. Later, in their addresses to the jury, the two counsel were to make it quite clear that they interpreted the facts differently; that Bull believed a conviction would be the just finding, that Whiteacre was for a verdict of not guilty.

This, I thought as the trial proceeded, is one of the benefits of serving on a jury in spite of other unpleasant aspects—to be reminded that in Canada the crown counsel is not a prosecutor but an officer of the court whose duty it is to bring out all the facts of a case for and against the accused; that he is not elected as in the United States and does not have to build up a record of convictions to use as a platform for re-election.

Florence Laballister, a handsome woman with flashing eyes, testified that she and Ann Rankin had met in beer parlors and had become acquainted because both were of Indian blood. A year before she and her husband had moved into the rooming house where Ann lived.

"She'd fix him"

On June 6, said Florence, she met Stanley Mitchell, another roomer in the George Street house, on a downtown street. Mitchell was drunk and she sent him home to sleep it off. Late in the afternoon she returned to the house and sent Ann out to buy wine.

They drank first in the Laballisters' third-floor room until George Laballister fell asleep, then in Ann's second-floor room. Mitchell came to the door calling for Florence to come out and swearing at the two women. Then Mitchell entered the room, Florence said. There was a scuffle. Mitchell tore her dress, grabbed a frying pan and hit both women on the head. He left the room but returned in a few minutes and again called the women names.

"I was at the dresser fixing my clothing and looking at my head," said Florence Laballister. "I heard the silverware drawer open. Then Ann went out. She said she would fix him. When she came back into the room in a couple of minutes she said she had fixed him. I didn't see anything in her hand."

The witness said she went out into the hall and found Mitchell lying there with a wound in the right side of his chest. She called Ann and put a towel on Mitchell's head while Ann felt his pulse. He was still breathing but died before police arrived.

That ended our first day's hearing. Mr. Mac and his three assistants shepherded us into two orderly groups again (because of the city hall's small elevators) and we reassembled in a side lobby, strode down to Queen Street west to York Street (eyes left but without a pause for the Casino Theatre's intriguing posters) and down York Street.

Our destination wasn't the modest mid

Crafted in Atlas Stainless Steel

by Progressive Canadian Fabricators

Ageless and practically indestructible, the stainless body of this 1936 automobile has travelled the equivalent of ten times round the world—without developing a stain or a spot of corrosion.

Eye appealing stainless lends itself to all production methods and comes to you in a variety of finishes from soft satin to gleaming brightness.

Medicine has long known the advantages of stainless as man's most sanitary metal. Where cleanliness means life, stainless is indispensable.

From buffet to boudoir, patio to pantry, bright new products of gleaming stainless steel are gracing Canadian homes. Beautiful, ageless and care-free, stainless is yours and your heirs' to enjoy. Performance proven in the most demanding applications, stainless brings to the home all the advantages that have made it the miracle metal of industry.

This gleaming metal is born at Welland, Ontario, in the mills of Atlas, Canada's only producer of a full range of stainless steels for Canadian manufacturers of household products.

At twice the speed of sound, stainless withstands the shock and heat. In jet engines, stainless is used for many components where strength under extreme heat is required.

Higher strength stainless means lighter weight highway transport trailers—enabling them to carry 6000 lbs. more payload in the same cargo space.

Stainless steels are universally known for corrosion resistance. Even in chemical plants under the most adverse conditions, stainless meets the test.

Easy cleaning is vital in the food processing industry and stainless is the answer. Wherever foods are prepared they're stored in stainless.

ATLAS STEELS LIMITED Welland Ontario · Warehouses: Montreal Toronto Hamilton Windsor Winnipeg Vancouver · Representatives: London, St. Catharines, Sudbury

ATLAS
STAINLESS
STEELS

II-II

An all Canadian company—producing specialty steels basic to better living

Enjoy yourself!

free from Heartburn Acid Indigestion

Wherever you are, there's no need to suffer from acid indigestion or heartburn — if you keep Tums handy for fast relief! Tums begin to work instantly to neutralize the excess acid that causes stomach upsets. Tums are non-laxative—relieve that too-full feeling.

No water is needed with pleasant tasting Tums — just chew one or two tablets. Get relief fast!

TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

Roll of 12 tablets still only 10¢ 3-roll pack 29¢

MACLEAN'S
DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME
1 year only $3
Write to: Circulation Manager
481 University Ave. Toronto 2, Canada
These rates good only in Canada

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

town hotel I had been warned to expect but the luxurious new Lord Simcoe. So far my informative neighbor had been one hundred percent wrong. But there was a story in the change of accommodation, I was to learn.

For years the hotel accommodation given York County murder juries was more economical than magnificent. Murder juries for the past year and into the foreseeable future can thank a young man named Frank McGee for their present comfort. McGee, then a buyer with Simpsons-Sears, was called on murder juries two years in succession and complained of the poor accommodation. The second time his jury was given as a "common room" for evening relaxation a chamber in which the hotel charladies hung their working clothes. "The atmosphere," McGee recalled later, "was one of honest toil."

Indignant, McGee gave Kelso Roberts, provincial attorney-general, a [illegible] description of the conditions under which juries were confined. Quietly the change was made a year ago. McGee incidentally entered politics soon after his protest. He ran as a Conservative in York-Scarborough in the last two federal elections—and received the largest majorities in Canada's political history.

We dozen beneficiaries of McGee's campaign entered the Lord Simcoe through a side door and were whisked up to the sixteenth floor without registering. Once more there was the business of waiting for an empty elevator. It was amusing during the next three days to watch the look of bewilderment on the faces of guests. One or two would be on an elevator that stopped at our floor. There would be plenty of room for all sixteen of us but Mr. Mac would wave the operator on and ask for an empty elevator.

We had the sixteenth floor to ourselves. Each juror had his own room and the four sheriff's officers shared the two rooms nearest the elevators. As long as we were in residence—after court, all night and in the morning—one of Mr. Mac's assistants occupied a chair in the corridor between our rooms and the elevators.

Mr. Mac handed out keys. We now had our third number, our sole identification as jurors: one number on the whole panel, our number on the jury, and our room number.

"Dinner at 6.30," said Mr. Mac. "Your bags should be here when we get back."

I opened my door and looked around the luxurious cell assigned to me. I noted a couple of peculiarities. The Lord Simcoe boasts TV in every room, but here was none, or more, just the marks on the rug where one had stood. There had been built-in radios in every room. [illegible] the control knobs had been removed. (Next day a fellow juror confided that the controls could be manipulated by an old-fashioned button hook.)

Then I noted a strange oversight in the security measures: the telephone had not been removed. I lifted the receiver more out of curiosity than intention to make a call. The line was dead.

Before claustrophobia could engulf me completely we were called to assemble for dinner. Once more we went through the moments of waiting for an empty elevator and proceeding in closed ranks to the dining room. In the Lord Simcoe's big restaurant we weren't screened off but were seated at the back. [illegible] a table laid for sixteen. We could see the curious glances of other diners.

We were handed a splendid menu incorporating an excellent wine list. Once more we jurors at one table, some of us took up with Mr. Mac the question of

What are your chances of serving on a murder jury?

What are the chances that any average Canadian will be called? Theoretically it's twenty thousand to one against. There are an average of thirty-three murder cases tried each year in this country with fewer than four hundred jurors, and there are more than eight million Canadians between twenty-one and seventy, the age of eligibility.

But a number of factors juggle those odds. By unwritten law women are not chosen for murder trials (they don't serve on any juries in Quebec and Prince Edward Island). This means that the average Canadian male has a mere ten thousand chances against one of having to try a person for his life. But tens of thousands are exempted by occupation: lawyers, doctors, dentists, clergy, court and government officials among them.

Chances of challenge

Even after a man has reached the point of being included on the jury panel of a court session which includes a murder trial, the chance is still high that (a) his name won't be selected in the lottery by which the actual jury is chosen or that (b) he will be challenged by crown or defense counsel when he's chosen.

In Canada the defense can challenge twenty jurors in a murder trial without reason; the crown can challenge four and make forty-eight stand aside until all the waiting jurors have been called. Seldom are twelve jurors accepted from the first twenty called, as in the trial of Ann Ritchie described in these pages.

They look for open minds

When William Whitmore, Ann Ritchie's defense counsel, was asked his reasons for challenging five jurors, he said: "That's something they don't teach you in law school and this was my first murder case. An older lawyer once advised me to try for a jury composed of men who have seen a lot of life but have not been soured by it: men who look as if they have open minds. By occupation, preferably tolerant skilled craftsmen or executives in the middle brackets."

Henry Bull for the crown "stood aside" three jurors. He was seeking the opposite verdict from Whitmore but his basis for arriving at a good jury was essentially the same as the defense counsel's—men able and willing to pay close and intelligent attention to the case. But Bull is a veteran of more than forty murder trials and countless criminal cases, and has developed a sharp philosophy about the process of selecting members of a jury.

Expectant fathers are out

"None of it is a personal reflection on anyone," he says, "but it is arbitrarily aimed at getting the best jury." He often challenges men in the upper age brackets, because the thinking of such men might get woolly in the course of a long and complex hearing. He usually challenges physically handicapped jurors or those who appear in poor health, not only from humanitarian motives but because they may pay less attention to the evidence than to their own discomfort. One of the jurors in the Ann Ritchie case had a wife in hospital expecting a baby. "I didn't know that or I wouldn't have accepted him," said Bull.

No joiners need apply

A man with two or three club badges on his lapel is not likely to get onto Bull's jury, because the crown counsel rates him as a joiner, a poor risk as an independent thinker. Bull pays close attention to clothes. A man who turns up in tartan jacket and sports shirt shows himself not attuned to the dignity of the court and the seriousness of jury duty. A man in work clothes carrying a lunch pail is hoping to be allowed to go on to his job after a brief interruption and hasn't got his mind on the proceedings.

Bull, one of whose own hobbies is sketching, likes artistic people as acquaintances but not as jurymen. "I don't think they can do much cold, hard thinking," he says. "They're likely to draw illogical, artistic-type conclusions and to indulge in flights of fancy."

The Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe is always ready [illegible]

CHEVROLET

If you can't be happy with this car, you just can't be happy

This is all the car anyone could ask for. It has style. It has room. It rides and performs up there with the most expensive of them. And it has those practical Chevrolet virtues of economy, reliability, durability. See why so many owners of other makes are trading to Chevrolets?

Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to show you these special Chevrolet advantages.

Slimline design—it's fresh, fine and fashionable.
Roomier Body by Fisher—sound, solid, stylish.
Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety Glass.
Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon.
Vim-packed V8's—eight of them to choose from.
Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.
Easy Ratio steering—brings you reduced wheel turning effort, new ease of handling.
Magic-Mirror finish—requires little or no waxing or polishing for up to three years.
New Bigger brakes—deeper drums, better cooled for safer stopping, and up to 66% longer-lived.
Turboglide, Powerglide and Level Air suspension head a full list of extra cost options.

CHEVROLET

What Canada wants, Canada gets in a Chevy!

An amazing new Norwegian formula is bringing thousands of Canadians quick relief from suffering

New Prolonged Relief From Stomach Distress

Your stomach is a wonderful, complicated thing. Its job? [illegible] In order for it to digest the food you eat, it manufactures [illegible] a powerful destructive agent: Hydrochloric Acid.

But for all its usefulness, [illegible] this agent is still an acid with an acid's ability to attack. When too much of it is secreted into the system the result is often hyperacidity and indigestion. Symptoms of this can range from mild gastric discomfort to almost unbearable pain. Now, however, this discomfort is a thing of the past thanks to a new discovery known as RECLUE. It was brought to Canada from Norway by a man who had experienced for himself the relief it gives.

He found that RECLUE goes to work quickly and effectively neutralizing excess acid. At the same time, RECLUE covers the sensitive areas in the stomach and intestine with a soothing medicated coating. With this protective coating RECLUE can provide prolonged relief [illegible]. RECLUE'S positive action in relieving chronic stomach distress has won it many thousands of satisfied users. They heartily recommend RECLUE to their friends. Try it yourself. RECLUE is now available without prescription from your local drugstore.

A new relief for stomach distress now available without prescription at all leading stores in Canada and the U.S. The [illegible] Drug Company Ltd. Vancouver, B.C.

GAIETY, BONHOMIE, CAMARADERIE

When you [illegible] cocktails are probably in the offing. [illegible]

[illegible] will find in close investigation have been made with Bright's Sweet Vermouth [illegible] Manhattans or Bright's Dry Vermouth [illegible] There's no need to get involved in long speculation. [illegible] Bright's Vermouths are carefully blended [illegible] imported [illegible]

A pamphlet describes how Bright's Vermouths are made, including [illegible] Bright's at Lachine, Que. But [illegible] Bright's fine Vermouth [illegible]

Bright's [illegible] Wines
SINCE [illegible]

The living mystery of The Rockies

Two of Canada's best known writers—**Marjorie Earl** and **Bruce Hutchison**—combine their talents with the exciting four-color art of **Franklin Arbuckle** to present a five-page report on the lordly mountain chain that has played such a vital role in the story of this nation.

IN MACLEAN'S FEB. 28 ON SALE FEB. 17

one right to order a drink. Once more we were turned down.

"Not even if we pay for it ourselves?" someone asked. Mr. Mac shook his head.

Reading the menu I noticed "fruit compote, brandy sauce" among the desserts. "Maybe we can't have any of that," I said with what I hoped was fine irony.

"All you can eat," answered Mr. Mac blandly.

After dinner Mr. Mac told us that we could buy some magazines and such books as the hotel newsstand afforded—at least, we could pay for them and his men would get them. We would not be allowed to ask for newspapers or news magazines. Our choice of reading perhaps would interest a psychologist. Faced with a stretch of lonely confinement, we asked for magazines that perhaps not all of us would normally read—girlie and "for men only" types of periodical.

Back in our rooms, Mr. Mac asked us in turn if we would like to communicate with our homes. Not directly, of course, but through him. I went to his room and sat meekly while he got my wife on the telephone. The conversation went like this:

"Hello, Mrs. McIlroy? This is a sheriff's officer speaking. I have Mr. McIlroy with me and he would like to know how everything is at home. I see. She has a cough but there's nothing to worry about. The other children are fine. ... Oh, he's fine. He wants to know if there's anything you need. Nothing? Well, thank you and good-by."

The scene—kindly, mountainous Mr. Mac sitting on his bed conducting a proxy personal conversation for me—suddenly reminded me of a time in my boyhood when I had traveled bravely alone to visit an aunt and uncle and my uncle had telephoned home to report my safe arrival.

When I had thanked Mr. Mac and was about to return to my room I noticed the jurors' baggage had arrived and was stacked in his room. I reached toward my suitcase and said, "I'll take this now and save you the trouble."

"No trouble," said Mr. Mac. "We'll send it down to you."

I walked back to my room wondering whether my wife had understood my requirement of cough medicine. I also wondered if our baggage would be examined. I had definitely got the impression that it would—and if so, what would happen when a contraband bottle of whisky was discovered.

When the bag arrived there was a bottle of whisky in it. Later Mr. Mac knocked on our doors to see if there was anything we needed. I had the distinct sense of being "tucked in for the night"—and also that Mr. Mac was well aware of the contents of my bag. He wore a slightly quizzical expression when he said, "Are you sure you have everything you need?"

If this narration seems to stress the subject of liquor, it is because of what I learned later. At the time it did not occur to me that the prohibition imposed on us was quite unsanctioned by any law—an arbitrary piece of tyranny by an authority which happened to be in charge of our physical destiny for a short time.

The reason why I and my fellow jurors—like countless juries for several years past—accepted the denial of our right to buy so much as a glass of beer when we were off duty with little more than a good-natured grumble is simple: we had suddenly found ourselves surrounded by prohibitions and restrictions of various kinds and we submitted to this one as part of what we thought must be the prescribed treatment of a sequestered jury.

But it slowly dawned on me—one has a lot of time for uncluttered thinking as an isolated juryman—that the denial of the right to order a drink when off duty was not part of the procedure necessary to prevent jurors from being exposed to outside influences.

Later when I investigated the source of the prohibition, Judge Wells said he was unaware of the practice and saw no reason for it, especially in the evenings. When Kelso Roberts, Ontario's attorney-general, was asked about the rule his answer was a blunt "It's news to me." The jury system is administered by his department, and he made inquiries among his officials who investigated and reported that the ban on drinks was "a practice rather than a rule" imposed by Ontario sheriffs, who gave a variety of reasons.

"It dates back to prohibition when drinks weren't legal and we've never got around to changing it," said one.

"If the public saw jurymen having a drink with dinner they'd think the taxpayers were paying for it," said another sheriff.

"Jurymen have an important duty and shouldn't be allowed to take a drink," was the decision of a third, who did not add that judges, lawyers and other court officials play important parts in a trial too but can conduct their personal lives outside the court.

The fact that my bottle was left in my bag at the hotel gave me the impression that sheriffs' officers know they have no real power to impose prohibition on jurymen and won't face a showdown on the question.

Other petty tyrannies are imposed on jurymen. We were due in court four blocks from the hotel at ten o'clock. But the man on the early morning shift in the chair at the end of the corridor pounded on our doors at 6.30. As a result we were dressed, breakfasted and assembled before eight thirty. We suggested to Mr. Mac that since we had lots of time he might take us for a walk. He declined.

"Well, at least let's go by way of University Avenue," said one juryman. That would be only two blocks longer than the direct route but in pleasanter surroundings than bleak York Street. Mr. Mac didn't refuse—but led us directly up York Street. We spent more than an hour of confinement in the forlorn jury room waiting our summons to court.

On the second day we heard Ann Ritchie's story. She said she was a full-blooded Ojibway Indian, born on the Southampton Reservation near Owen Sound. She had been a devout church woman, organist and Sunday school teacher at the Southampton United Church.

"I was very religious," she said. "I was against drinking and smoking and going to shows."

She married a man on the reservation and had children, but the marriage did not work out. She separated from her husband and took him back again several times before she decided to come to Toronto eight years ago. She supported herself by doing domestic work.

In Toronto she met another man with whom she became friendly. "I thought he needed somebody and I needed somebody too."

Her friend was a heavy drinker, Ann said. She tried to reform him. She took him to church regularly and he stopped drinking. But he started again and eventually they stopped going to church and Ann started drinking too.

Ann's story of the events of the terrible night of June 6 was almost identical with the testimony of Florence [illegible]. But there was one significant difference. Florence had told of hearing the silverware compartment open before Ann followed Stanley Mitchell into the hall. The implication was that Ann had deliberately searched for and obtained the knife with which Mitchell was killed.

Ann said that her son had visited her earlier that day, had fried himself an egg and used the knife to break the yolk as was his habit, and had left the knife on the stove.

Later that night Mitchell, whom she did not know although he lived three doors from her in the rooming house, forced his way into her room, struck Florence and herself with a frying pan, tore Florence's dress, then struck Ann in the eye with his fist.

"That was when I grabbed something on the stove," Ann said. "I hit him with whatever it was. He walked away as if nothing had happened. In a few minutes Florence went out. I sat down at the table and I noticed I had a knife in my hand. I didn't notice any blood on it."

There were two strangely pathetic little touches to Ann's testimony. She said that when Florence called her out into the hall and she saw Mitchell lying there, she thought he had had an epileptic attack.

So she felt his weak pulse, fetched a wet towel for his head, then noticed a little bloodstain on his shirt. She dabbed iodine on the wound that was to cause the man's death within minutes. Then a terrible realization began to dawn on her. She had struck Mitchell with something that later turned out to be a knife and now Mitchell was dying with a wound in his chest.

"I was the one that had the knife," she told the court. "I figured it must have been me."

Ann Ritchie told of being taken to Regent Street police station, where she related as best she could recollect the blurred events of the evening. Then they escorted her to Belmont Street station.

"I walked in and the matron handed me blankets and I walked into the cell. They didn't lock the door. I lay down."

"What happened then?" asked William Whiteacre.

"I fell asleep," she said.

Ann Ritchie did not finish her testimony before court was adjourned on the second day. We went through the now familiar drill of assembly, close-order descent by elevator and the march to our hotel. There had been a slight deviation from routine that day. At lunch the screen that separated us from the public in Childs Restaurant had fallen with a resounding crash. So instead of being concealed we were suddenly and spectacularly revealed to the other patrons of the crowded restaurant. Even after Mr. Mac's assistants had hurriedly replaced the screen we sensed the curious interest of the people in the restaurant. I suspected that one of the jurymen slyly nudged the screen to cause a little excitement.

I do not want to give the impression that boredom was the only feeling of the jurymen. As the case progressed we took an increasing interest in it. The judge had told us we could discuss the evidence among ourselves but warned us not to form any conclusion until we had heard the whole case. In the evenings we got together in one of the jurors' rooms. We tried a few hands of poker but soon found we were more interested in debating the day's testimony than in playing cards.

The case was completed but for the judge's direction at 4.30 in the afternoon. "If the jury wishes I will adjourn until

T. O. Peterson, President of Investors Syndicate, says:

"All Canadians can benefit from our financial management services"

Here are a few of the many ways we can serve YOU through your Investors' representative:

1. Build a Guaranteed Cash Reserve

Would you like to have an extra $10,000 in ten years' time? Then talk it over with your Investors representative now. More than 100,000 Canadians are using the INVESTORS SYNDICATE plan to build a cash reserve for the future.

2. Profit from an Investment in Canada

With a single investment in INVESTORS MUTUAL, Canada's largest mutual fund, you become part owner of more than 100 "blue chip" securities, representing Canada's major industries and enterprises.

3. Benefit from Long-Term Capital Gain

If you are primarily interested in long-term capital gain, get information on the new INVESTORS GROWTH FUND. This Fund concentrates on common stocks and enables you to share in the growing wealth of Canada.

4. Save Tax Dollars on Your Retirement

Investors offers you three types of tax-deductible REGISTERED RETIREMENT PLANS: (1) fixed interest; (2) equity; (3) combined fixed interest and equity.

5. Share in Low-Cost Group Pension Plans

INVESTORS SYNDICATE and Investors Trust Company offer complete facilities for installing and managing low-cost Trusteed Group Pension Plans tailored to the exact investment needs of any company.

See your Investors representative
"your best friend financially"

Investors syndicate
OF CANADA, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG • OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Bonded Magazine Representatives
Carry this License

ask to see it!

It is your guarantee of subscription fulfillment.

CANADIAN CENTRAL REGISTRY
OF SUBSCRIPTION REPRESENTATIVES

SAVE ON YOUR INCOME TAX

while you save for retirement

Canadian Government Annuity premiums may now be deducted from income for tax purposes, within certain limits.

This means that any taxpayer — including self employed persons — is now allowed the tax advantage which was formerly available only to employees contributing to registered pension plans

SAMPLE TAX SAVINGS

(For a married couple, with no dependents, based on 1958 Income Tax rates)

Earned Income	Contribution to Savings Plan*	Tax Saving
$ 3 000	$ 300	$ 39
5 000	500	95
7,500	750	150
10 000	1 000	240

(*maximum deduction allowed for tax purposes)

For full information and assistance in selecting the plan best suited to your needs, mail this coupon, **postage free.**

FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES

To Director, Canadian Government Annuities,
Department of Labour, Ottawa (Postage Free) 1M4

Please send information showing how a Canadian Government Annuity can bring me retirement income at low cost.

My name is
(Mr. Mrs. Miss)
I live at
Date of Birth
Age when Annuity to start
Telephone
I understand that information given will be held strictly confidential.

"tomorrow," offered Mr. Justice Wells.

We didn't have to take a vote. Every juryman was willing to work overtime rather than spend another night of isolation. The judge told us it was up to us to decide on the evidence whether Ann Ritchie was acting in self-defense when she struck out at Mitchell. He said that if he were on the jury he would be inclined to bring in a verdict of manslaughter.

And that verdict seemed to be the one we would have brought in to judge by the opinions expressed around the big table in the jury room. But before we could vote Mr. Mac came in and told us we were wanted in court again. Both crown and defense had asked the judge to clarify the law on self-defense.

"If you are satisfied that Ann Ritchie was defending herself or if some other doubt arises in your mind then you must give her the benefit of that doubt and acquit her," said the judge. "You are only entitled to convict if you do not accept the evidence of the accused. If you have any doubts then those doubts must be resolved in favor of the accused."

That statement standing out from the mass of words we had listened to for three days had a decisive effect. When we returned to the jury room ten of the jurors were for acquittal. Two still thought manslaughter was the right verdict.

We argued but the ten were adamant. The two did not give in easily and it was ten o'clock when our foreman stood up in court and announced "Not guilty."

I looked at the four persons most concerned. Henry Bell seemed quite surprised at our verdict. To a lesser degree so did the judge and William Whitacre. No emotion showed on the face of Ann Ritchie. She did not appear to understand when the judge told her she was free to go. Even when Whitacre repeated the good news to her she just sat there.

We bade Mr. Mac a cordial farewell. The elderly ex-policeman had been doing his duty as he saw it and we did not blame him personally for our frustrations. As we made our way toward the only door of the city hall that remained open at that late hour we saw a woman walking ahead of us alone.

It was Ann Ritchie. Without a word she passed through the door. We watched her walk slowly along Queen Street toward the house where she lived. ★

London Letter continued from page 10

Baxter was given a full page in the Mirror and invited to "damn the paper to perdition"

supplies personalities but also affects everyone. Accordingly Cudlipp took on a daily commentator named William Connor to write the column which appears under the pen name of Cassandra, that classical figure who uttered warnings of woe.

Connor's column is published every day in the Daily Mirror and so is his frowning visage. His purpose is to blast and not to praise and it is to his credit as a journalist that he finds something to blast nearly every day.

As an example of Cudlipp's showmanship and also his sense of responsibility I must recall an incident involving myself during the height of the Suez affair. The Mirror condemned Eden in harsh and even cruel terms and at the time by chance I found myself sitting next to Cudlipp at a dinner which he had given in honor of a Hollywood magnate. In the course of the dinner I accused Cudlipp of deliberately sustaining Britain's critics and enemies at the very time that our troops were in action.

He was silent for a moment or two and then said "Obviously you feel very strongly on this. Very well. I shall give you a full page in the Mirror in which you can damn us to perdition."

I agreed readily—but with one condition. There would be no comment on my article in the actual issue in which it appeared. The day after he could blast me—but not until then. He agreed and kept his word. It was not without interest that a large number of Daily Mirror readers endorsed my attitude and Cudlipp published some of the letters.

In fact this is a man of unusual qualities. He has a touch of genius just as he suffers from an impetuosity which sometimes leads him into troubled waters. Somehow he has altered the Daily Mirror from a titillating paper to a powerful political tabloid. So widespread are the activities of the Daily Mirror-Sunday Pictorial group that they also acquired newsprint interests which means that they are secure in the actual raw material of their trade.

It is part of the universality of the Daily Mirror and its Sabbath offspring that they led the attack on the shame of London's streets, the prostitutes who lined the splendid thoroughfare of Park Lane. It took the authorities a long time to act but at last the shame of London's West End has at least been driven underground.

However, all that I have written so far is no more than a preface to the recent astonishing announcement that the Daily Mirror-Sunday Pictorial group had entered into negotiations to acquire the vast Amalgamated Press with all its publications and its holdings of newsprint.

The Amalgamated Press not only publishes general interest magazines like Everybody's but real money makers like Woman's Journal to say nothing of many profitable trade publications.

But as often happens when the presiding genius dies—as in the case of Lord Camrose—the new strongman is not there to take his place. There are many capable men in the Amalgamated concern but dictators like the mule have no progeny. Lord Camrose was kindly, shrewd and not without genius but he failed to create or find the man who could succeed him.

Despite all this it came as a great surprise when it was known that Hugh Cudlipp and the Mirror group had entered into negotiations to acquire Amalgamated. At the moment of writing, the deal has not been completely consummated but it is in process. If it needed any proof of culmination the jubilant front

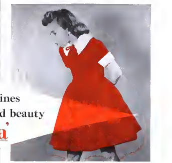
29 GREAT WHISKIES IN ONE BRAND...

GUARANTEED 29 WHISKIES

Years ago Adams distilled 29 great whiskies, each with its own distinctive characteristics, and then aged them in special oak casks. Now, Adams has "married" these 29 rare whiskies to create the superb flavour of Adams Private Stock. This custom blend is presented in its crystal decanter at a popular price.

Private Stock

Adams CUSTOM BLENDED CANADIAN RYE WHISKY



Canadian magazines
sell colour and beauty
for 'Viyella'

'Viyella'
WASH AS WOOL — IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE
[illegible]

- [illegible] Ruth [illegible] wearing a new dress of English 'Viyella', a perfect blending of wool and cotton, a soft matchless cloth, so perfect for children's wear.
- Always soft and comfortable, 'Viyella' keeps its glorious colour for years. It is without equal for wear and washability.
- Children's garments of 'Viyella' and 'Viyella' by the yard in checks, prints, tartans and plain shades, are sold in better stores everywhere, or write William Hollins & Company Ltd., Toronto.

Most of the top-ranking prestige names are advertised in Canadian magazines . . . and especially so when colour is a major part of the selling appeal. Mr. D. G. Brown, Canadian Manager for Viyella, and Mr. D. V. Robinson, Export Manager, are firm believers in the prestige-building ability of magazines. Mr. Robinson says:

"For many years Canadian magazines have proved their value as an excellent advertising medium for Viyella. The fine printing of these books helps us to illustrate Viyella's beautiful, glowing colours and soft quality texture with lifelike reality. Canadian magazines also reach the better type of home which are able to buy a prestige product like our own."

D V Robinson

Canadian magazines today reach 2 out of every 3 urban homes . . . the able-to-buy homes where the prestige of products is established. An 18% circulation increase over the past four years is an indication of their expanding influence. It will pay you to give consideration to this sales-producing medium when you plan your advertising.

This advertisement sponsored by
- Canadian Homes & Gardens
- Chatelaine
- Health
- La Revue Populaire
- Le Samedi
- Liberty
- Maclean's Magazine
- Saturday Night
- Western Homes & Living

THE MAGAZINE ADVERTISING BUREAU OF CANADA
21 DUNDAS SQUARE • TORONTO, CANADA

page of the Daily Mirror on New Year's Day would have convinced even a stage detective.

Obviously unable to restrain his exuberance Cudlipp sounded the trumpet of triumph in these terms:

INTO 1959

WITH THE MIRROR!

(Firing on all cylinders)

The great Winston Churchill, referring to the enemy, once asked: "What kind of a people do they think we are?"

The Mirror's critics are always asking: "What kind of a newspaper do you think you are?"

If you expect the Mirror to be stuffed with pious platitudes you are reading the wrong paper.

Try The Times instead. Or the Daily Herald.

• • •

Does the Mirror drop bricks? Sure. So does the Duke of Edinburgh. Some people don't like his salty language. Sometimes he doesn't like ours. But he still reads the Mirror.

So does Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. Privately he tells people he thinks the Mirror is fair to him. The Mirror will continue to print the truth—for or against the Premier. What could be fairer than that?

• • •

The Mirror may not make friends—but at least it makes enemies. This paper told the truth about Suez at the right time—and lost 75,000 readers.

It spoke out about an "incident" involving British troops in Cyprus. At least the Coroner who investigated the affair agreed.

• • •

This newspaper has always held that one man unemployed through no fault of his own is one too many. There are now 536,000 too many out of jobs.

Mr. Iain Macleod, Tory Minister of Labour, once praised the Mirror's record on industrial affairs at a Tory Party Conference. He should read the Mirror with extra attention in 1959.

• • •

If the amalgamation goes through, and it seems a certainty, I do not doubt that Cudlipp's driving genius plus his flair will create a journalistic colossus that has no rival in any other country. In addition he will be not only a user of newsprint but a supplier.

From a national standpoint what does it all mean? Inevitably Cudlipp will announce that the Mirror publications are independent of political parties. They will praise or criticize according to their lights. But since the Daily Mirror is the torchbearer it is certain that the group will be politically neutral—against the Tories.

Personally I feel it is only fair for the Socialist party to have a stronger press than exists at present. I cannot make myself rejoice over the matter but it is impossible to deny the justice of such a change.

Yet there is one aspect which is fundamentally disturbing. Not only have a number of newspapers and magazines gone down to the onslaught of television but more and more the newspapers are coming under the combines and losing their individual independence.

In my time in Fleet Street I have seen many publications fold up, not only newspapers but magazines. Now as the new situation develops it will be increasingly difficult to compete with the newsprint cum newspaper group.

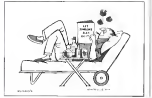
And from the human side a journalist who runs foul of his employer will find a shrinking area of opportunity to which he can turn.

There they stand, the men who control the destinies of working journalists: Viscount Astor of the [daily] Times, Viscount Kemsley of the Sunday Times group, Lord Beaverbrook with his Daily Express, Sunday Express and Evening Standard, the Berry family's Daily Telegraph, the Daily Mail, the Daily Sketch and the Evening News owned by Lord Rothermere, the Evening Star owned by the Cadbury family, the Sunday Observer owned by a branch of the Astor family, the struggling Sunday Reynolds financed by the co-operative societies, the poor little Communist Daily Worker which never knows whether it will have to pack up through lack of revenue and circulation, and the News Chronicle representing the fading Liberal point of view.

To those of you who are fortunate enough to live in Toronto or even Montreal it might seem that the choice of newspapers offered to the reading public of Britain is both wide and varied. This is partially true but it is not the whole truth. The trouble is not that there are too few newspapers but that there are too few proprietors.

Now we must add the name of Hugh Cudlipp who, if the deal with Amalgamated goes through, will hold power over an immense collection of publications and periodicals.

But there is no moral to my tale. My real purpose was to introduce to you the Dorian Gray of Fleet Street with his poet's brow and pugilist's wallop. The name is Hugh Cudlipp. ★


LET SOMEONE ELSE DO IT
MACLEAN'S

At the First Sign of
COLD or GRIPPE

Take 2 Aspirin Tablets—
and feel better fast!

The moment you feel the symptoms of cold or highly contagious grippe—which include fever, headache, muscular aches and pains and sore throat—take two Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water. You should do this before you do anything else—because Aspirin will quickly reduce your fever, stop the headachy feeling and relieve your muscular discomfort. Used as a gargle, Aspirin brings soothing relief from the sore throat caused by your condition.

So get Aspirin now and keep it handy. Remember: you can take Aspirin anytime! It's used by millions more people than any other pain reliever—*without stomach upset*. And even at *twice* the price you can get nothing better! Buy Aspirin—it still [illegible] pain reliever!

ASPIRIN
Trade Mark Reg.

The
Canadian Bank
of Commerce

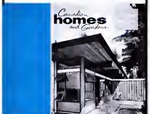
offering of additional
Capital Stock

Shareholders of The Canadian Bank of Commerce have received Rights to subscribe for additional shares of the Bank at an attractive price. We believe that this is an opportune time to purchase shares of the Bank and for present shareholders to add to their holdings by the exercise of their Rights.

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited
Business Established 1889

* WATCH FOR THIS COVER

at your newsstand



* Special building report

Twenty distinctive Canadian houses

What's happened to Canadian house design in the last five years? In a 13-page bonus feature, Canadian Homes and Gardens travels across Canada searching out the unique in contemporary home architecture. From Toronto's Don Mills, from Vancouver, from Sarnia and other points, Building Editor James A. Knight selects 20 pace-setting houses—both luxury and low-cost—whose style innovations may help you choose your next home.

Good furniture — on a limited budget

CH&G went to the National Industrial Design Council with a question: can you afford to buy good modern furniture on a modest budget? The answer was a resounding yes—and the February issue of Canadian Homes and Gardens tells you how.

Don't miss the February issue of

* Canadian homes and Gardens

A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION **now on sale**

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✔ Garner in verse
✔ Baxter on tour

If the author of the editorial, How to Keep Labor out of Politics (Nov 8) had to queue in employment offices and walk all over in search of a job, would he still write How to Keep Labor out of Politics? With savings gone would he commit suicide like a Norwegian immigrant did in Vancouver, or would he starve to death like the old Chinese did on the street in Victoria, or would he rob the bank like the unemployed Irish immigrant did (and jailed for three years)? When these things happen in Canada, rich and beautiful, sure we need changes! Only united labor can and will make those changes.—ERIC ASGG, VANCOUVER.

Ode to Garner

Not MGM
or even Warner,
Could give half as much pleasure
as Hugh Garner.
His writings are witty, humorous and gay!
Hope he'll always stay that way!
Lots of other writers—give me such pains!
But not Hugh Garner—
When he appears in Maclean's.

—MRS. RUSSELL ISNOR, HALIFAX

Sweet? and Sour!

Why on earth are you using those positively meaningless cartoons by Herbert Yates? (Sweet & Sour). They are sillier and more incomprehensible than the modern (so-called) art, which is saying quite a lot.

Apart from these, you have a grand magazine.—FLORENCE M. RICHES, CALGARY

✔ These wonderful cartoons have a lingering impact; they have been the focus of numerous discussions in our group. Some of our friends are puzzled by these cartoons and it is fun to follow their attempts at deciphering them. This is the sort of thing that gives extra interest to your always entertaining and informative magazine.—DOUGLAS C. FIELDING, DON MILLS, ONT.

Baxter in China

I never expected to see the day when a member of the British House of Commons would go to China, on invitation, only to return and ridicule their customs. To quote Beverley Baxter (Letter from the Pacific, Dec 6): "Tokyo looked like Broadway on an off-night." And in a previous issue: "The Chinese always smile before they speak." Well, what of it? As for his visit to a geisha house, that would better be left untold. Picture a member of parliament squatting with two other old boys gleefully ogling pretty Japanese girls (and looking very wicked, no doubt). Will there be laughter in the galleries, I wonder, when BB describes his flying visit?—I. M. HOPKINS, TORONTO.

✔ I strongly object to Baxter belittling Tokyo by comparing it to Manchester, which is so dirty from mill chimney smoke but is nevertheless a fine city. All one can say is if Tokyo is like Manchester it is no mean city.—M. MORING, NEILBURG, SASK.

To drop the Arrow or not

I hope Crawford Gordon's article, Why We Should Continue to Build Arrows (Dec 20) will be read and pondered by every thinking Canadian, especially the cabinet at Ottawa. How can Canadians afford to put their aerial defense into the hands of the U.S. and their Bomarcs in view of the poor results with their present missiles?—JANIE SMITH, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

✔ The Arrow must not be dropped. 1. An Arrow can be reflown at far less expense than a new missile for each flight. 2. Nearly $400 million has been spent on this project. 3. With the required approval Arrow can begin its designated job. A new project would require a vast amount of money.—JANICE BRODSKY, TULSA, OKLAHOMA

A. H. RUSHFORTH & CO.

In its Preview column of Nov 8, 1958, Maclean's referred to the syndicate scheme of A. H. Rushforth & Co. to finance two large apartment buildings and stated that one insurance company had warned that similar plans "look like a real skin game" and that realtors replied that "the small investor can now take up a piece of an income giant." In quoting these two independent and quite divergent views of this new type of investment, Maclean's meant no reflection on the Rushforth scheme and apologizes to A. H. Rushforth & Co. for any embarrassment it may have been caused. ★

STOP! Don't risk tonight's meal in a smoky, smelly oven!

OVEN CLEANING IS A CINCH WITH WIZARD

Spread it on—wipe stubborn grease away! Ovens sparkle! No scraping. No ammonia!

ONLY 59¢ WITH FREE BRUSH

WIZARD OVEN CLEANER

STRAWBERRIES

[illegible] U.S.D.A. Premier [illegible] Seed and Nursery Book FREE [illegible] now

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

How To Keep Free of Sore Toes

Corns

[illegible]

Super-soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

How our biggest brass got that way

On page 16 assistant editor Peter C. Newman presents and interprets the advice of some of Canada's most prominent business executives on How to Get Your Boss's Job. He interviewed twenty of them, all told, in offices that ranged from musty attics to layouts that seemed to have been moved entire from the set of a Hollywood movie about big business. He found them all quite willing to give away their secrets, without so much as a glance at the flanking doors of their vice-presidents' suites.

The advice they gave was sound, some of it startling. We found ourselves wondering if these big bosses had practiced during their rise what they now preach from the summit. Here's how the five gentlemen at the right—they all make over $50,000 a year; together they help direct fifty-three Canadian corporations—made the grade.

VERNON JOHNSON came from the U.S. as a semi-professional pitcher in 1930 to strengthen a Grand Mère, Que., paper company baseball team. He first came to the notice of company officials by hitting the home run which defeated the league-winning team from Three Rivers managed by a young lawyer named Maurice Duplessis. Johnson joined Canadian International Paper and in twenty-four years became its president.

HERBERT LANK turned down an offer to play his sax on a U.S. vaudeville circuit, instead walked into the Du Pont office at Wilmington, Del., and got a job as an order clerk. Thirty years later, after working in South America and France, he was named the Canadian head of Du Pont. He has given up the sax but still plays piano and organ.

GEOFFREY NOTMAN played football (McGill 1919), hockey and water polo, hurled the discus and put the shot. His athletics brought him to the attention of Dominion Engineering Works executives in Montreal, where he rose from junior engineer to vice-president in twenty-eight years. He switched to Canadair Limited, the aircraft manufacturing firm he now heads, in 1950.

JAMES MUIR, the Royal Bank president, came from Scotland in 1912 and started as a clerk in the Moose Jaw branch with $7 in his pocket, spent his first night sharing a rooming-house bed with a fellow bank clerk. Although he's opposed to men taking work home, he can't bear to be away from his own desk, and prefers "forty-eight hour breaks" to vacations.

HAROLD REA started in business turning socks inside out (at 1½c per dozen pair) in the dyeing room of a textile plant at his native Kincardine, Ont. He switched to accounting, joined Canadian Oil Companies as an internal auditor and in 1949 became president, doubling sales since.

"I was embarrassed only once during my interviews," Newman reports. "When I asked Vernon Johnson what he thought the successful executive should wear, he said: 'Well, I would certainly not promote anybody who comes to work in a sports coat.' That was the day I was wearing my favorite tweed jacket."

JOHNSON

LANK

NOTMAN

MUIR

REA

MAHONE SPORT KITS

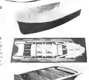
make dream boats come true

YOUR CHOICE OF 4 MODELS AT REALLY LOW PRICES

THE ANGLER — L.O.A. 11'
THE COCKER — L.O.A. 12' 9"
THE BLASTER — L.O.A. 14' 9"
THE PACER — L.O.A. 13'

So easy to assemble. Each kit supplies you with a completely prefabricated Industrial Molded Hull of laminated veneer 4 or 5 ply construction. Everything else you need to make a beautiful boat of it comes with it, all precision pre-cut. Complete step-by-step illustrated instruction sheet with each kit.

For complete information and prices [illegible]



INDUSTRIAL SHIPPING CO., LTD.
MAHONE BAY, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA
WE BUILD THE PACESHIPS

As Scotland is to "Scotch"...

JAMAICA is to RUM*

*If you want to pick the right drink, first of all pick the right country. In Jamaica they've known all there is to know about the making of fine rums for hundreds of years. Connoisseurs of rum, all have their favorite brands but most of them come from Jamaica.

Look for the word Jamaica on the bottle to be sure of a superior rum for your cocktails, collins and swizzles. Jamaica Rum is "BORN TO BLEND".

many types from

• VERY DARK to VERY LIGHT •

ALL IMPORTED

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N (OF JAMAICA) LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

TGT

Perspective

You and your beneficiaries will appreciate the balanced judgment and broad experience Toronto General Trusts brings to the administration of estates. As, the first trust company to be established in Canada, TGT offers you an outstanding record in trust matters extending over three-quarters of a century.
Your inquiries are invited.

TGT

TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS

TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA WINDSOR WINNIPEG
REGINA SASKATOON CALGARY EDMONTON VANCOUVER

First Established Trust Company in Canada

Parade

Ding, dong, boom!

We're happy to report that the noonday gun that sounded daily from Signal Hill in St John's, Newfoundland, is booming away again after a ten-year silence. The custom was abandoned when percussion caps to fire the old gun became hard to obtain, but now a modern six pounder has been procured and everyone seems greatly relieved. Everyone but local clergymen, that is. There isn't anything much more disconcerting than having a gun blast off just as you get your sermon nicely rolling and see your entire congregation take time out to set their watches.

* * *

Out from Ottawa civil service headquarters to government offices everywhere in Canada has been mailed a poster from the Suggestion Award Board of the Public Service of Canada. "From crossing two knives came a pair of scissors," says the poster, and adds the moral: "That was creative thinking." The artist who created the poster wasn't thinking though, because in his illustration the scissors are assembled with the blades backwards so they won't cut a thing.

* * *

Youth may be going all to heck in some places but not in Beauharnois, Que. In the school there a couple of grade 8 girls were asked to supervise grade 2 pupils while they ate their sandwiches each noon hour, and one young boy developed quite a crush on one of the thirteen-year-old supervisors. To humor him she presented him with a snapshot of herself which he took proudly home from school. But a couple of days later the seven-year-old swain handed it back with the sober explanation: "At my age good Christians don't go around chasing girls."

NO THANKS. I'M ONLY COLLECTING PICTURES OF THE ROCKET!

* * *

Despite the over-all success of the annual church canvass there's a minister of a Victoria, B.C., church who has been doing a lot of troubled thinking about a brand-new excuse brought back by one of his teams of church visitors. "We'd like to give something, understand," said the housewife, "but my husband is the only one in the family working at the present time."

An ordinary sort of citizen, stopping by a bank on Spring Garden Rd. in Halifax to get his passbook updated, was somewhat cowed to see a shiny Rolls Royce sweep up to the curb and a regal looking elderly woman sweep into the bank just ahead of him. Fighting an inclination to tug at his forelock he fell in behind her and resigned himself for a wait at the teller's wicket while the old lady attended to her obviously impressive financial affairs. But all she did was cash her old age pension cheque and sweep out again.

* * *

There's a traffic regulation sign in Toronto that one motorist won't quickly forget. It reads "There is no parking in this driveway"—and it is scratched into the paint on the back of his car.

* * *

This time of year brings us as many hunting stories as weather stories, but with a difference this season, for the game birds are just giving themselves up. In Hairy Hill, Alta., the teacher of a grade 8 science class was apologizing that he didn't have an actual specimen of a partridge to illustrate the day's lesson, when a partridge obligingly crashed through the classroom window. And Boy Scouts at their campsite three miles north of Revelstoke, B.C., no sooner got the sticks rubbed and the flames blazing to prepare lunch than a large grouse whirred into their clearing and landed right in the fire. The troop jester barely had time to exclaim "Out of the fire into the frying pan," before their scoutmaster, a butcher by trade, had shown them precisely how to do it.

* * *

You'd think medical men would always be willing to do anything to support law and order but Ottawa physicians have finally balked according to a Journal headline:

DOCTORS REFUSE TEST
DRINKING DRIVER'S BLOOD

PARADE PAYS $5 TO $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.
Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario

O'Keefe
OLD STOCK ALE
O'Keefe
ALE
O'KEEFE GIVES YOU A FLAVOUR CHOICE!
O'Keefe Ale · smooth and light   Old Stock Ale · hearty and full bodied

BE REALLY REFRESHED... LOVE THAT COKE!

Almost everybody loves Coca-Cola... for the cheerful lift that's bright and lively... the cold crisp taste that deeply satisfies. For *real* refreshment enjoy Coca-Cola . . . anytime . . . anywhere . . . Pause for Coke!

Enjoy
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG.

for THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

Say "Coke" or "Coca-Cola"—both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.—the world's best-loved sparkling drink.